You are entitled to a "John Bull" Pen.—See Coupon page 12.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 586. | SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

283705.

A
For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

MY APPEAL TO LABOUR

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

ASK YOUR DRAPER or OUTFITTER for the

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEF WAR SOUVENIR,

A marvellous production; a memento of the war!

Price 8½d. each 8/- per dozen.

Ask your Draper or Outfitter for the
EXCELDA SOFT COLLARS FRONTS AND SHIRTS.

Steele's Ad. Serv.

"And for our Honeymoon!

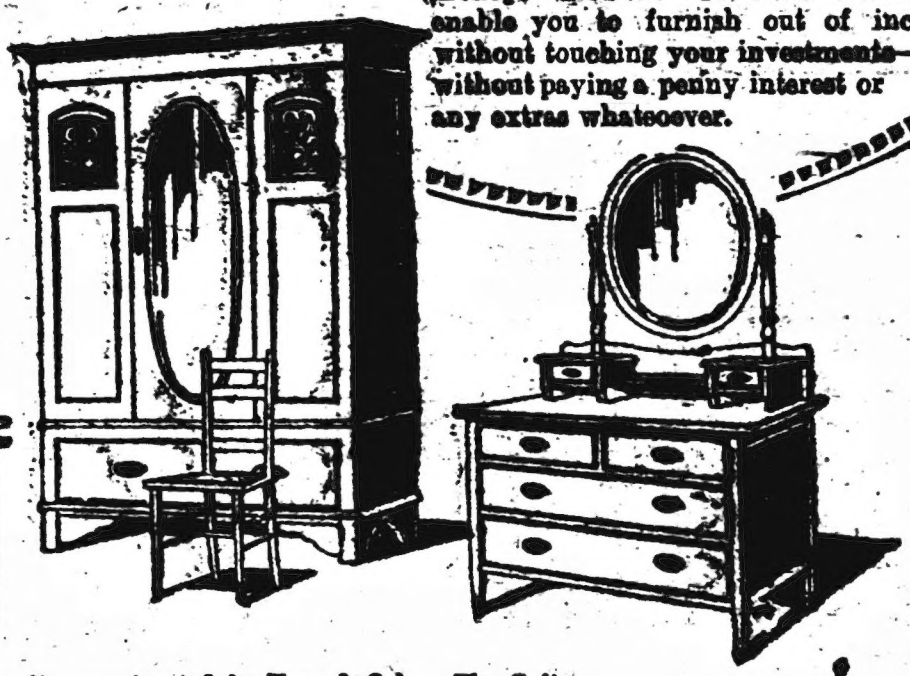
"We'll come back here! I am glad we've got all the arrangements for the wedding fixed up at last. If it hadn't been for the 'Midland' we might have had to wait months. But thanks to the 'Midland' Ideal Terms we've got every single thing we wanted to make our home perfect — and we've saved no end of expense and trouble."

Money buys more at the "Midland"

Come and see for yourself the £100,000 worth of superb furniture in the "Midland" Salons. With such a choice, you cannot help finding just what you want. And look at the prices — all plainly marked. Nowhere in the kingdom can you buy furniture of equal quality at prices which give you such splendid value for money. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to furnish out of income without touching your investments — without paying a penny interest or any extras whatsoever.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A post-card brings it free.



Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	8 6
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
£50 - 1	7 6
£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
£300 - 13	15 0

Longer accounts pro rata.

Handsome Bedroom Suite, soundly constructed in Fumed Oak. The Suite comprises a 4 ft. Wardrobe with oval-bevelled mirror in door, and large drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; and 2 Chairs - - - - - **£24 - 10 - 0**

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

IRRITATION

In shaving is avoided by using any one of McClinton's Shaving Soaps. Made entirely from vegetable oils and plant ash on the same principle as the famous Colleen Toilet Soap. McClinton's Shaving Soaps are superbly soothing and emollient, yielding an exceptionally rich, creamy lather which immediately softens the beard and leaves the skin cool and plastic.

For these reasons McClinton's Shaving Soap is indispensable for the man who shaves with cold water. Try it to-day. You will find it just the very thing for your own use and to send to your brother, son or friend on Service.

In stick, cake, or cream, whichever you prefer, but *insist* on McClinton's.

McCLINTON'S Shaving Soaps & Cream

Hibernia, In Sticks or Cakes, 7½d. & 1/-
Exquisite „ „ 7½d.
Shaving Cream, In Pots or Tubes, 7½d. & 1/-

***FREE—The Colleen Book of British Beauty** Containing six beautifully coloured miniature portrait postcards of famous Bygone Beauties, on receipt of 1d. stamp; or with a generous sized sample cake of the famous Colleen Soap for 2d. for packing and postage.*

CLOSE SHAVES, No. 2.

McCLINTON'S, Ltd. (Dept. A.G. 11), Donaghmore, Ireland.

£500 yearly from **POULTRY** is possible if you use the methods of Mr. F. G. PAYNTER engaged from 1913 to 1915 as Government demonstrator to Poultry Keepers, Small Holders, etc. His new book (at 1s., post free), "**A GOOD LIVING from POULTRY**" explains everything. Lord SELBORNE wrote to the author: "You have substituted a standardised system of management which is directed to simplify and increase production." Send P.O. 1/- to-day for this unique book to The Distributor, 18, Red Lion Street, Holborn, W.C.1.

The Name **PHILLIPS'**

on Rubber Heels and Tips is a Guarantee of **QUALITY**

PHILLIPS' PATENTS L'TD., 142 OLD ST. LONDON E.C.

WEAK NERVES.

Health and happiness impossible where nerve weakness exists. My **FREE BOOK** shows how **lassitude, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain-fag, self-consciousness,** etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee. **BE EFFICIENT!** Stop failing, and become the success you were meant to. Enclose 2 stamps, mention ailment. Dept. B. **THOMAS INCH,** 74, Clarendon Road Putney, London, S.W.

BEACON OILSKINS Keep you dry always. Men's 10/- Children's 10/6. Sou'-westers 1/9. Long Leggings 3/-. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free** Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort" to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, E.C.2.
Foreign Branch Office: 8, Finch Lane, London, E.C.3.

Subscribed Capital	**£22,947,804**	**Deposits (26th July, 1917.)**	**£182,517,486**
Paid-up Capital	**4,780,792**	**Cash Reserve (26th July, 1917.)**	**42,075,526**
Reserve Fund	**4,000,000**		

The Shipping Branch, with Agents in all principal Cities abroad, has exceptional facilities for promptly executing all shipowners' freight remitting and disbursement business.

The "Insect kill-joy"

The end of all things temporal for insects is in the blue packet of Vertroy Vermin Killer.

There's no partial disablement effect about Vertroy—it's "sure death," always.

Insects carry more germs about than most people think. Rid your house of this danger by using

VERTROY Vermin Killer

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in 3d., 6d., 1/-, and larger Boxes.

If you cannot obtain Vertroy locally send us a 1/- P.O. for the large box—post free.

Vertroy is put up in handy sprinkler packages.

Go to your chemist and get a package to-day. Sprinkle a little Vertroy in all the places beloved of insects and—annihilate them.

Vertroy is a sweet-smelling powder, and is perfectly harmless to everything except insects.

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton.

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

Strong Rooms for the safe custody of deeds and other property provided for the use of the Bank's Customers.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold on behalf of customers and the public generally.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.

Accounts can be opened by any responsible person. Interest paid on approved credit balances.

Call or Write for Special Booklet.

All descriptions of Banking Business, including the Collection of Bills, Dividends, Annuities, etc., transacted.

Foreign Money Exchanged and Drafts issued to all parts of the world.

Head Office: 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Branches throughout the United Kingdom. A. H. & Co.

THE VERY LATEST **BADGE BROOCHES of the BRITISH NAVY & ARMY.**

A Remarkable Production. Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Ships' and Regimental Crests. 500 Designs are ready, which include almost every regiment in the British Army, Colonials, Territorials, Yeomanry, etc., also about 200 designs of the Ships of H.M. Fleet. Crests not already in our List can be made to order—sketches submitted free. Write for full particulars.

BOTLY & LEWIS, MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS, etc. Actual Manufacturers. Wholesale Trade Supplied.
25, KING STREET, READING. 'PHONE 172.

An unique production in Solid Silver, fine enamel finish (as illustration) **2/6**
(In velvet-lined box.)
15-ct. Gold mounted on Bar **42/-**
9-ct. „ „ „ **21/-**
9-ct. „ on Safety Pin **12/6**
Gilt Enamel „ „ **1/-**
(Each enclosed in suitable case.)
Post free anywhere.
Send for our Illustrated Booklet, post free.
(Established a century.)

THE "INTERPRETER"

Yes, m'sieu, it is to us to make the good understanding—the real *entente*. I am an interpreter—*un Officier de Liaison*. But we do not talk much, we soldiers, we understand. Always the good fellowship with your English officers and Tommies. What nerve! What calmness! They smoke their cigarette and smile. Ah. But I know now why they smile. They give me of their cigarette—the Army Club. . . . It is sublime. "We introduce you to our 'Club,'" they say. So now I smoke my Army Club, . . . yes!

"CAVANDER'S

Army Club"

CIGARETTES

Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and at all the Canteens at Home and Abroad.

20 for 11D. Also packed in convenient paper pockets of 10 for 5½d. **20 for 11D.**

PERICLES

PRONOUNCED PERRY-CLEES

CYCLE TYRES

Why take chances in buying a tyre?

You mean to spend 5/3 or 5/6 for a tyre—just that and no more.

Get a Pericles at the price you want to pay and you get the utmost ha'porth of value.

Pericles—a tyre made by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., at Birmingham.

If you want a low priced tyre, get a Pericles.

Covers,	W.O.	5/3
,,	B.E.	5/6
Tubes	- - -	2/9

IN ALL STANDARD SIZES OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS

TRADE MARK. PERICLES Prince of Tyre *Shakespeare.*

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

Manufacturers of

HIGH CLASS MEN'S WEAR.

Special bargains during August

Ceylon Flannel **Pyjamas**, splendid patterns, medium weight. Per suit **11/9**

Ceylon Flannel **Pyjamas** made from really good material. Worth 8/11 per suit. Special price **6/11**

White Uniform **Shirts**, soft front, stiff cuffs. Price, each **5/6**

Soft Fronted **Shirts**, neat stripes. Price, each **3/11**

30 Pure Wool **Travelling Rugs**. Were 25s. To clear, each .. **18/6**

Taffeta Flannel **Shirts**. Large variety of quiet patterns. Price, each **7/3**

Pure **Wool Shirts** plain or striped silk. Price, each .. **11/9**

We are the sole manufacturers of the celebrated

CASTLE COLLARS

Illustrated list on application.

Service wear **Khaki Shirts** in all materials for summer or winter. From 2/11 to 21/- each.

Warm **Khaki** Wool **Jackets** with sleeves. Usually 12/11. Now .. **9/11**

Khaki Wool **Gloves**. Price per pair 1/6 & 2/6

Soft or Stiff **Khaki Collars** 6½d., 9d., & 1/- each.

Soft White **Ceylonette Shirts**, medium weight. Each **6/3**

Tweed Caps made from remnants of best materials. To clear, each **2/6**

Heavy Wool **Pyjamas**, good patterns. Price per suit .. **17/11**

Pure Wool **Body Belts**, various weights. Two for 3/6, or each **1/11**

Well-made **Golf Coats**, in latest styles. Price each 21/-

Flannel Trousers in white or grey at the old prices. Some slightly soiled.

LARGE QUANTITY OF ODDMENTS IN GENTLEMEN'S UNDERWEAR, HALF HOSE, SWEATERS, TIES, ETC. ALSO LADIES' GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, BELTS, PYJAMAS AND BLOUSES AT TEMPTING PRICES.

101-102, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 2.

GRAVES

OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tablewares, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Lino, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

EASY TERMS

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 586. Week ending Saturday, August 25th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

That Coast Affair.

Apropos of our inquiry as to why our troops during the recent enemy offensive on the Belgian coast were not supported by the navy, "one who was there" tells us that the Hun monitors and other enemy craft were "busy all day bombarding Nieuport and our support lines with 9.2 up to 17-inch shells." Where were *our* destroyers?

An Enemy *Princess*.

Our attention is called to the fact that, a few weeks before we entered the war, it was "ordained" that the children born to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick should "enjoy the style of 'Highness' with their titular dignity of Prince or Princess of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." And, of course, the Duchess of Brunswick is the Kaiser's daughter!

Ramsay and the Government.

We are still waiting for an official denial of the rumour that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was recently offered a post in the Government.

The King and Beer.

We hear a rumour to the effect that the King is contemplating the introduction of good, wholesome, home-brewed ale into the Palace. Here's a health unto his Majesty!

Arnold's Candour.

Writing us yet once again, Mr. Arnold Lupton says: "One very strong reason why I prefer peace to war is a very strong desire to save my poor body from the shot, gas and bayonet of the enemy." He is full of admiration for the heroism of our fighters, but, though vigorous in health, he does not offer to join up because he "does not like to incur the hardships and dangers." Suppose all our men felt like that!

The Hidden—Voice.

"We all have friendships in other nations, and we must try after the war to unite broken ties. We must not join anti-German Leagues or refuse to have any intercourse with Germans in future." Thus Mrs. Creighton, widow of the Bishop. Her maiden name was von Glehn!

Tender-Hearted Officers.

From a boy at the front: "Would you believe it? Here there is a village where the Germans have most of their big grey guns, which at this minute are bombarding us. *We know where they are*, but are not allowed to bombard them, *because there are women and children there.* YET THEY KILL US." No wonder the war is lasting a long time!

Watch Russia!

How often have we been telling you this! Well, watch her very closely during the next few weeks.

—and Henderson.

Also keep an eye on Henderson. A good fellow at heart, he belongs to a very narrow school of thought—which does not readily forgive.

A London Eyesore.

Will the Commissioner for Works consider the propriety of removing that statue of William of Orange in front of Kensington Palace—"Presented by William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, to King Edward VII. for the British nation"? Let it be sent to Berlin—carriage forward.

Insulting the Aged.

A word with the Pensions Minister: Is it necessary, when an old lady calls to claim her pension for the first time, that she should be cross-examined regarding the whole of her past life and asked "whether she has ever been in prison"?

Two Carters.

So the name of the "blackguard" officer who threw the hot coffee over the private is the same as that of the Mesopotamia gentleman who exposed the medical scandals of the campaign! Two Carters—but *quelle différence!*

Bravo, Birmingham!

Three cheers for the Bishop of Birmingham, for the trouncing he has administered to those woolly-brained clerics who have been talking blasphemous piffle about the recent raid being God's punishment for the Sunday cultivation of allotments. *What* a God to picture!

War Bread.

The doctors are having a fine old time. We remember Captain Bathurst, before retiring from his post on the Board of Agriculture, predicting that "ere long our bread would be reminiscent of the stable." He was right—but what particular contents of the stall it is not necessary to indicate. Phew!

"Harvest Beer."

Have you tasted this stuff? If you haven't—don't! Meanwhile, the Government winks at the enormous profits which the brewers are making. Watney, Combe, Reid and Co., for instance, earned £517,000 last year, as against £386,000 in the previous twelve months. Bass and Co. have done nearly as well. What says the Food Controller? After all, beer *is* food—or *should* be.

Be prepared for the next Air Raid by signing our Free Insurance Coupon—page iii of Cover.

Direct from the Directory.

According to the Directory, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald lives in Howitt Road, Hampstead, and here are the names of some of his neighbours: Carl Christian Bang, Karl Lennard, Arthur Flechtheim, Felix Hahn, Miss Wulfson, Carl Frederick Stromberg, Joe Browne Rosenheim, Rudolphe Burmester. Not for a moment do we cast any suspicion upon the patriotism and loyalty of any of these people. Indeed, Joe Browne Rosenheim rather appeals to us.

Dundee's Bawbees.

When the bill for Dundee's luncheon to Mr. Lloyd George —£231—came up before the Town Council, a Mr. Robertson inquired, "Am I correctly informed that this works out at a guinea a head?" "And very cheap, too," put in a Mr. High. That may be as may be; but it is only fair to say that Mr. Lloyd George did not have his guinea's worth.

Dunn's Latest.

For cool, calculated, consummate cheek, commend us to this advertisement in a Manchester newspaper:—"Discharged soldiers. Wanted. Assistant for hat stores. Dunn's, Market Street." Dunns, princes among Objects, want discharged soldiers! Of course a soldier with a pension might be considered as going cheap, but we do not think he would find the air of Dunn's establishments agreeing with his manly constitution. But—the gall of it!

The Nameless Thief.

We have before us a mother's letter to her boy in France. The dear woman says in it:—"I am sending you 2s. It isn't much, but I hope it will be more next time." The rest of her letter is sacred. Well, poor soul, her boy never received her letter; the lad was killed. She has had her letter sent back to her, with the fatal news. But the postal order for two shillings had been stolen from it. Is there any name to fit the scum of a thief who could do such a dirty action?

A Parson on the Brew.

There is a robustious anti-pumpuritanism about the Rev. E. Lees, Vicar of St. Matthias', Canning Town, which likes us much. The efforts of the cranks to use the war as an opportunity for driving down the throats of people cold water and mineral gas has done incalculable harm to the cause of temperance, says he, in his parish magazine. What religious people have to learn, says he, is that there is no more necessary connection between religion and teetotalism than between religion and bacon, and no more inconsistency between a man who drinks a glass of ale going to church and a man who eats pickled onions going to church. We should say, indeed, the most religious souls in the vicinity would much prefer the man who drinks the glass of ale.

Hun-deterred.

If the Herr Ramsay von Macdonaldbacher, M.P., doesn't know what the men at the Front think of him and all his tribe, he can take a letter we have from a Lance-Corporal of the 44th Canadians, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, as a representative opinion. Having slapped us vigorously on the back for our attitude to the peace-mongers, the epistolarian stigmatises them in a strong tone of voice as "these rotten skunks." "I haven't forgotten," he goes on, "what the Hun has done to some of my comrades, and if he had six lives I would kill him six times. We don't want peace till the Hun is completely beaten. Exterminate as many Huns as possible. Away with all this peace talk. Give the Huns hell. Let 'em know we can whack 'em—I think they know *that* already. Keep on with your knocks at Ramsay until the Government send him to the Front to—fight for the Huns." For our part, we should be charmed to hand him and his Hunderhand crew passports to Berlin.

Chatham Cemetery.

Complaints reach us of the neglected condition of the naval section of the Chatham Cemetery. Will somebody in authority just have a look at it?

Shocked!

We are told by Mr. Gerard that the Kaiser was shocked when he heard of the sinking of the *Lusitania*—and yet the passengers were warned before they left New York that the vessel would be sunk. And iron crosses were showered on the criminals!

Two Pictures.

On the G.W.R.:—Picture No. 1: Gorgeous invalid coach joined up to an express, and carrying a wealthy Society lady —Station-master and other officials bustling around, and telegrams being despatched all along the line. Picture No. 2: Wounded soldier, packed away in guard's van, with a live pig for his companion! No doubt the poor fellow thought he was still with the Germans.

Flying the German Rag.

This is unpleasant reading: It comes in a letter from Blandford:—"I was disgusted on looking across the Downs the other morning in the direction of the German Prisoners' Camp, to see flying above it the German flag. Surely this is getting a bit thick." It is much too thick. It is an insult to the country to fly the German flag anywhere on British soil—unless at half-mast, or upside down.

Australia's Wheat.

You will remember that Hughes, of Australia, commandeered the entire wheat crop "down under," and there was a record harvest. While he was here, he announced he had bought thirteen ships to go out and fetch the wheat. Somebody must have queered his pitch, for only two vessels arrived, and then, presumably, the U-boat business stopped proceedings. The wheat is now lying on railway sidings in Australia in bags by the million—and the mice have to be attacked by squads of men under 75 Inspectors. So we eat Government bread.

The Quakers' Bribe.

The Quakers have got out another "Peace" screed, and have had the impudence to send copies to clergymen asking them to preach about it, to print it in their magazines, and to permit its distribution at their churches. The impudence consists in the proposal that, if the clergyman should not care to take up the matter voluntarily, he should print the "message" as a page advertisement, and name his price for it! Sometimes we find fault with clergymen and their parish magazines, but we do not believe there is one in the land to accept so sordid a bribe.

It is Up to Hove.

How is this for a pen-picture of life in England? It is an old lady of Hove that limns it:—"I am a poor widow, living with two single daughters. One daughter is thirty years old; she earns about 15s. a week; she has been with the firm fourteen years. Altogether, with what the girls earn and 3s. from the parish, we have £1 4s. a week. I am not able to work myself, as I am crippled, and have not walked for three years. I sit and do my washing and ironing. I must look after those that have to work. I have only one son; he is married, and out in France. I do think the parish might double the money." There you have the grand Englishwoman—"she must look after those that have to work." So, crippled with rheumatism, she sits and—works! If Hove does not allow her the three shillings more that she suggests, then Hove should be ashamed of itself.

Happy is he who possesses a "John Bull" Pen. See coupon, page 12.

The Angelus Bell.

We are glad to learn that in many a village to-day there is a call to silent prayer for the lads on sea and land. When are we to have the bell in London at sunset?

The Ivory Cross.

Dogs can't bite, and men can't fight, without teeth. And that's the department which the Ivory Cross attends to. But it is handicapped by want of funds. So send along something to the Treasurer, Sir Herbert Bartlett, Bart., at 10, Conduit Street, W.

The Schoolmaster "Abroad."

Writing in *Everyman* on the subject of Education, a teacher sneers at the type of "uneducated person" who reads this journal, and then asks "from whence" comes the opposition to certain proposals. "To whither" is he drifting?

Who Gives Quickly Gives Twice.

Since the Southend raid we have received many claims under our Free Insurance Scheme. We are dealing with them as quickly as possible, on the good old Latin motto that to give quickly is to give twice. Many harrowing stories have reached us, and we regard it as a privilege to be able to relieve so much genuine loss and suffering—a privilege which, if the Government did its duty, would be placed upon the State.

A Bachelor Tax.

Whether bachelors should be subjected to a separate Tax or not is a question figured out neatly by a reader. He is a clerk, 42; salary £2 2s., all told. He is married, and proud to own two fine boys, aged 13 and 5. His wage does not cover living expenses at present prices; he is bound to be teetotal and is almost a non-smoker. But, despite rigid economy, he has to spend his modest savings. In the same office is a bachelor, 45, on the same salary. He is quite a man-about-town, has a good time, and lives well within income. The two pictures show how a man is penalised for being a good husband and a good father.

A Joke on Us.

A Battery-Sergeant-Major, very much on duty in France, was getting, he writes us, "heaps of gas" in his dug-out, just before battle. For the information of old soldiers, he describes his quarters as "worse than Ship Street on a hot day." He had heard that fire will drive away gas, and he had with him about a dozen copies of JOHN BULL. With them he made a bonfire, "and burnt out the gas, literally speaking." We have read that sentence several times, wondering what sarcasm lurked there, but, as our destruction in twelve numbers "probably saved the lives" of two gallant men, we gladly grin and bear it.

Blindness and Brains.

In reference to the present position and future prospects of the blind through the war, a Lancaster Gate reader puts a point which needs stating. "Many people speak and act," he says, "as if they thought a blind professional man ought not to be allowed the chance of working, but if without private means must become a burden on his relations or friends. This is most unjust and unreasonable, as if a man be mentally capable blindness is not a bar; it is only a handicap. Many professions can be carried on by sightless men with slight assistance—clergymen, barristers, solicitors, musicians, journalists, and schoolmasters—though at times they experience a great deal of opposition in so doing." As time goes on, more and more sightless professional men will return from the war, and we agree with our correspondent that they should be encouraged in every possible way to become self-supporting.

"Dagonet."

Congratulations to Mr. G. R. Sims on the completion of forty years' uninterrupted supply of "Mustard and Cress" to the *Referee*. For a chronic invalid, that is not a bad record. May we be present at the golden jubilee!

Prussianising Us.

Many people think that the presence of Lord Milner in the Cabinet is responsible for much of the Prussianism of those Defence of the Realm Regulations. We remember that that was one of the useful things the *Daily News* pointed out some time ago.

Bad Matches.

We all wish to "support British trade," but our traders must not make it impossible. The matchmakers are grievously to blame. One home firm, supplying twenty matches less in a box than Sweden gave us, also fills up with broken bits, and actually includes dirty matches that have been fired. Another firm charges 1½d. for a box with a bottom of solid plank-wood about a quarter of an inch in thickness. This will drive us into preferring the foreign goods, for we hate being swindled. And now let us ask readers to send us no more horrible examples; our museum is full.

The Devil and Inconstantino.

It is extraordinary that the Allies should have failed to realise that Tino had already sold Serbia, and had prepared to sell the Allies, long before the war. Take a letter from the Kaiser to Tino on the fateful August 4th, 1914, discovered by the Government of M. Venezelos: "I signed to-day a treaty of alliance with Turkey," he says; "I hold the Balkans in my hands. . . . Do not forget that, as you are a German Field Marshal and the husband of my sister, your place is at my side. Do not forget also that I have given you Kavala. I ask you to do what we have so often talked about." And to think the Allies tolerated this throned intriguer selling the passes and poisoning the wells for thirty months of war!

Skeleton Keys.

The Edinburgh police scandal—which we fully exposed, while every other journal ignored it—brings to light a quaint incident which has long been hushed up. Some time before the sergeant was arrested, a constable under him was found to have entered a public-house early one Sunday morning. He was caught in the act, and in his possession was a bunch of skeleton keys. Asked whence he obtained them, he stated he had got them from the constable who had previously been on the same beat! His only punishment was dismissal from the Force, but we think, in justice to the honest men, the rogueries of the wrong 'uns should be thoroughly inquired into.

Robbery by Farthings.

On several occasions we have called attention to the fleecing of the public by shopkeepers who "don't keep farthings," and don't intend to, if they can help it. "Mony mickles mak a muckle." Hasn't Lord Rhondda yet begun to realise that, by the simple process of selling only half-pounds of any food commodity in which a halfpenny a pound is in question, shopkeepers who do not take or give farthings collect from the public thousands on thousands sterling a year to which they are no more entitled than they are to augment their receipts by picking pockets? All over the country this farthing trick is being worked—especially in the matter of sugar—and we think Lord Rhondda and the Mint between them should put a stop to it.

"Bullets" is a war-time relaxation. See page 20.

Bravo, Rhondda!

In response to the invitation contained in our recent Open Letter to him, Lord Rhondda informs us that it *is* his intention to ensure a weekly half-pound of sugar per head to the population—rich and poor—provided, of course, that the national supplies justify it. If not, the distribution will be reduced; but, in any event, it will be "share and share alike." Bravo, Rhondda!

The Seers.

This is the prophecy of Mr. W. Williams, of Gelliyotrad, Rhondda: "Just a line to tell you peace will be declared beginning of September, 1917. Against the end of September all European armies will be sitting down in peace." Meantime the best thing we can do is to make the Germhuns sit up in war.

Huns and Aeroplanes.

Somebody tells us that at Yatesbury Camp, where Germans are interned, there is also a large aerodrome. The contiguity is in itself remarkable; but it becomes strange on learning that British visitors must not approach an airplane, yet "there is nothing to prevent a German prisoner from cutting a wire half through after the machine has been tested." It is to be hoped that we have been misinformed.

Heroes Overlooked.

Some of the men at the Dalbeath Colliery are disappointed with the awards of the Edward Medal in connection with the accident at Cowdenbeath Colliery, Fife, last January. Two of them, McLean and Holmes, have been overlooked, yet they were the ones who, with others, worked all through Saturday, Saturday night, and Sunday, in the hope of rescue. Do not think the two heroes we have named are the ones who complain; they are satisfied with duty nobly done. It is their proud mates who speak up.

Happier Now.

Letter from the Rev. W. E. Davies, Baptist Minister, who is over 76, of The Manse, Brington, Northampton: "Dear John,—Some time ago you did me the favour and the honour of notice in your 'Open Letters' because I had stated I was happy on £45 per ann. Your remarks were much appreciated, though they were in your usual droll style; but what I wish now to tell you is that I recently received a letter from Mr. J. Dawson, M.D., of Honolulu, congratulating me on your having taken notice and written so kindly about my case. Since then my kind people have increased my stipend by £25 a year. May your pen never rust in exposing shams and wrongs." We think the congregation may safely trust their pastor with the extra money; he probably won't spend it in riotous living.

Winston at Work.

They say, at the Hotel Metropole, that since the advent of Mr. Churchill things have commenced to hum. Even his bitterest opponents are admitting that he is justifying his appointment. And, after all, a Minister is justified by his works.

To Lancastrians.

Will Lancastrian readers, willing to help to cheer up their pals in London hospitals, send their names to Sir Edward Holden, at the London City and Midland Bank, 5, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2? It is a good cause, worthy of all possible support.

Home Work.

A young woman living in West London puts a typical case. She has been unable to get about for ten years, through an accident. She has had a good education, and could do eight hours' clerical or manual work every day—if she could get it to do. There's the rub; she cannot go to get work—but is there none for her, and for the many like her?

Bradford's Serbian Consul.

The Serbian Minister wishes it to be known that Mr. Kramrisch is by birth an Austrian Pole, who came to this country thirty years ago, has been naturalised for twenty-one years, and took out papers of "denaturalisation" directly after his naturalisation. He has apparently been very active in connection with the Serbian Relief Fund, and is, altogether, a very fine fellow.

The Staff's Diet.

It is disagreeable when the staff of a hospital complain of the food supplied to them, because officials are usually fed better than the poor patients. But we hear bad accounts from the Royal Asylum at Aberdeen regarding the staff's dietary, and the Superintendent might find it useful to make a little personal inquiry. From what we gather, good food need cost no more than indifferent, or worse—while good food means good recovery.

Damage and Dearth.

A deplorable waste still goes on in the British Army, not only abroad but at home. In *Le Phare* of Calais, for instance, we find three separate advertisements issued by *L'Agence Commerciale.* One announces the offer of about 978 kilos of damaged oatmeal; the second offers 2,063 kilos of damaged flour; the third offers 100,000 kilos of damaged oats—"*provenant de l'armee anglaise*"—all proceeding, that is to say, from the British Army!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The weakening Germans hail with hope
The manifesto of the Pope,
Because it is its obvious aim
To save them from defeat and shame.

To Canada all honour be
For capturing Hill 70—
Whereby, to our supreme content,
The Hun line gets a nasty dent.

In vain the cunning Hun may try
His own handwriting to deny:
It *is*, and in it all may see
Proof of the Kaiser's treachery.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty.

DEAR DREADNOUGHT,—An island is a piece of land entirely surrounded by water. Though you are in full charge of the water, I understand you are not only taking no pay for the job, but took no pay in the other Government departments in which you have performed valuable national service. This is very nice of you, but, speaking without reserve, I am of opinion that a labourer is worthy of his hire, and ought to work at the trade union rate. As, evidently, we differ on this point, I must really take occasion to recommend you for a lordship, or something of that kind, after the war. By the way, does it happen that your salary goes into the "pool" which the other Ministers divide up? It would be funny if it did, wouldn't it?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

MY DEAR EXCHEQUER,—I have made a careful note of your promise to appoint a Select Committee after the Parliamentary recess, to consider the question of raising money by means of Premium Bonds. How select it is your intention the Committee shall be, I am not, of course, informed; but for goodness' sake don't let it get into the hands of puritanical cranks. It is probable that even the bare announcement will start the ranters on the rant, and that the Prime Minister and yourself will be inundated with petitions and deafened by deputations beseeching the Government not to stain the fair name, or imperil the immortal soul, of Britain by plunging it head foremost to a gambler's doom in the midst of war. As you know, these people cannot keep their hair on—so pull up your socks and prepare for a resounding row.

JOHN BULL.

To H. A. Barker, Esq.

DEAR MR. BARKER,—You have done splendid work in hundreds of cases in what is known as manipulative surgery; yet because you are not a "qualified" man, the medical profession has made every effort to break you. Well, they haven't succeeded yet—in spite of the insulting and, I have no hesitation in saying, disgraceful attitude of the War Office. Mr. Macpherson, the Under Secretary, tells us that the Army Council graciously raises no objection to a private soldier going to you for relief and cure. But—and here is the damnable insult and threat—if he died his family would be refused a pension! Was there ever anything more calculated in official callousness and cruelty!

JOHN BULL.

To Harold Begbie, Esq., Journalist.

DEAR HAROLD—As Haldane's champion, you were not effective. Writing on War Hospitals, you are a wash-out. So I am told by the R.A.M.C., and they send me plenty of facts in proof. Each one of your statements is in turn directly contradicted by those who know. "Women in old days," you say, "were rare in military hospitals." Except in a very few cases, they are so still. Again, "To-day, except for doctors and patients, the military hospital is almost a nunnery." Not by a long chalk, Harold. You have been to Wandsworth, and seen good women at good work. Go further afield; one swallow does not make a summer. One woman does not make a thousand nunneries. Do not write until you know.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Beresford.

DEAR CHARLIE,—for that is the name I shall always know you by—you did well in the Lords the other night when, endorsing my effort to get justice for Jack as well as Tommy, you denounced the robbery by the Admiralty of five thousand time-expired sailors of the pension to which they are entitled. When smug Lord Lytton airily repudiated the charges and practically called you a liar, you were justified in getting angry and challenging the Admiralty spokesman to poll the Navy "and see who is speaking the truth about these things." As you say, the men are determined to have the money, and if the Government are wise they will do the right thing before trouble is caused, and not wait till justice is wrung from them. Jack's discontent is not a thing to play with.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Colonel Carter, I.M.S.

DEAR COLONEL,—After a little prodding, in which I tried to bear my part, the authorities have awakened to the fact that to leave honesty and courage in your case to be entirely their own reward would be a scandal this country would refuse to tolerate. In return for your wonderful services to humanity in exposing the medical horrors of Mesopotamia, and so preventing further deaths and untold suffering, you are given—what, a peerage? No, brevet rank as Lieutenant-Colonel, which means you are on the list for actual promotion to that rank. I call it downright shabby. If you had been one of the muddlers or murderers you might have got a K.C.M.G. right away, and possibly a jolly good pension. As it is, you still receive only a major's pay. But, at any rate, you have escaped the fate that could easily have befallen you as a temporary Lieutenant-Colonel—that of reverting later to your lower rank, preliminary to being side-tracked by the men of the R.A.M.C., whose ineptitudes and infamies you so justly exposed. May all good fortune follow you!

JOHN BULL.

To Ralph Bankes, Esq., K.C., Magistrate, South-Western Police Court.

YOUR WORSHIP,—I cannot refrain from expressing my warm appreciation of your good nature in a case before you recently, and at the same time of telling you how amused I was to read of your method of expressing it. A naughty woman, a Mrs. Bridge, had assaulted her neighbour, and you fined the combative one (who, by the way, had recently lost her husband) a modest "saxpence." When she protested she hadn't the money to pay, it turned out that what she meant was that she had a sixpence but wanted it for her 'bus fare. Your good nature, not to say gallantry, was equal to the occasion. "Well, you pay the sixpence and I will give you another sixpence for your fare to Putney." And the coins were exchanged. What ingenious justice! The law was satisfied, the woman got her 'bus ride, and you had the satisfaction of doing a kindly act. More power to your purse!

JOHN BULL.

To Ian Macpherson, Esq., M.P., Under-Secretary for War.

DEAR "MAC,"—Again I must protest against your manner of dealing with serious Army questions. Really, I am coming to think that you are quite unable to deal straightforwardly with *any* subject. Is it those black-rimmed spectacles again? You told the House the other day that the officer who had committed on a Tommy the outrage of pouring hot coffee down his neck at York Station had expressed regret. You tried to excuse his conduct by alleging extenuating circumstances, and you said it was not proposed to take action. Now, after considerable delay, you announce that "new facts have come to light," and disciplinary action is to be taken. Are the new facts the burning indignation which I and others have expressed at what would have been a gross misuse of its prerogatives by the Army Council? I wonder.

JOHN BULL.

To E. D. Morel, Pro-German.

DISHONOURED SIR,—Friend of Germany as we know you to be, and enemy of England as you have so often proved yourself, you naturally dare to declare that the main obstacle to peace with Germany is the policy of the Paris Resolution—our plans for economic war. You have the impudence to suggest that the British people do not understand what that policy involves. They are not such fools. They know it means trading with those who have fought with us, and crippling as far as we can the efforts of those who are fighting against us—to win the war in the world's markets. And it pleases you, humbug and worse that you are, to forget that the policy of the Paris Resolution was an answer to the threat of the Central Powers to form a commercial alliance which would shut out the rest of Europe. In the past, Germany has rifled our markets to find money for her ships and guns. You want to see that process repeated, of course—Hun that you are!

JOHN BULL.

THEY SHAN'T GO!

WHY OUR MERCHANT SEAMEN WILL REFUSE TO CARRY PACIFISTS

By J. Havelock Wilson.

THERE is a wide difference between the pacifists and the seamen in their knowledge of the German nation, for the British seafaring men have been in close touch with the Germans for the past 50 years, and many of the older men can remember Germans first entering British ships, and afterwards becoming one of our keenest competitors in the carrying trade of the world. At the same time, the British sailor has had more to do with the organising of the Germans as Trades Unionists than any other class of workmen, and at the commencement of the war there was no class of workmen who showed a more kindly feeling to Germans than the British sailor. In order that the inconvenience of war should be as little felt as possible by the German seafaring men who had settled in this country, they established an internment camp which can be rightly described as one of the best organised camps in Great Britain.

The *Lusitania* Murders.

A fortnight prior to the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* a concert had been organised for the benefit of the interned men—it was to take place on the very day that the *Lusitania* was sunk. The Committee of the Union immediately cancelled the holding of the concert, and the Germans in the camp were called together—there were some 800 men. It was explained to them that a terrible catastrophe had occurred, and 500 of their fellow-members had been done to death. There was a dead silence. Not even a word or expression of regret came from any of the 800 Germans. But after I had left the hall they immediately broke into cheering, and there was great hilarity manifested. This just filled the cup of bitterness for the British sailor. And following the *Lusitania* incident came the U-boat frightfulness. Ships were sunk without warning hundreds of miles from land, and scores of seamen died an agonising death through starvation, frost-bite and other terrible sufferings. The enemy knew perfectly well that Britain depended entirely on her ships and men to carry on the war both on behalf of this country and our allies, and that if by any means they could terrify the British sailor to remain on shore, instead of following his lawful occupation, the war would speedily come to a close, with the Germans on top. Then God help England! They have not succeeded in their cowardly scheme.

The German Nation Responsible.

Some of the pacifists have said that the German nation cannot be held responsible for the actions of the Naval or Military authorities. This I absolutely deny. Two years ago, as President of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, I deemed it my duty to address a communication to the organised workers of Germany. Before the war we were affiliated to the International Transport Workers' Federation, the headquarters of which are in Berlin. I called their attention to the deliberate murders that had been committed in the name of Germany, and pointed out to them that, as the German Socialist Party was supposed to have about 5,000,000 votes, they must surely have some influence with the German Government, and that a protest from them to their Ministers should have the effect of at least compelling them to play the game fairly. The Central Committee appointed a Commission of four. I have in my possession the original Report, bearing the signature of four of the most prominent German working-class leaders—some of the gentlemen whom Ramsay Macdonald and his friends are dying to meet at Stockholm. The purport of the Report was that, because Britain had blockaded German ports, the Germans were quite justified in everything they had done in connection with the U-boat warfare. They thought it was altogether a wrong thing to blockade German ports, and thereby bring about a scarcity of food for the German civil population. Strange kind of reasoning this, from a nation that had adopted these very tactics at the siege of Paris! So I maintain that not only are the German Naval and Military authorities responsible, but working-class leaders are equally guilty.

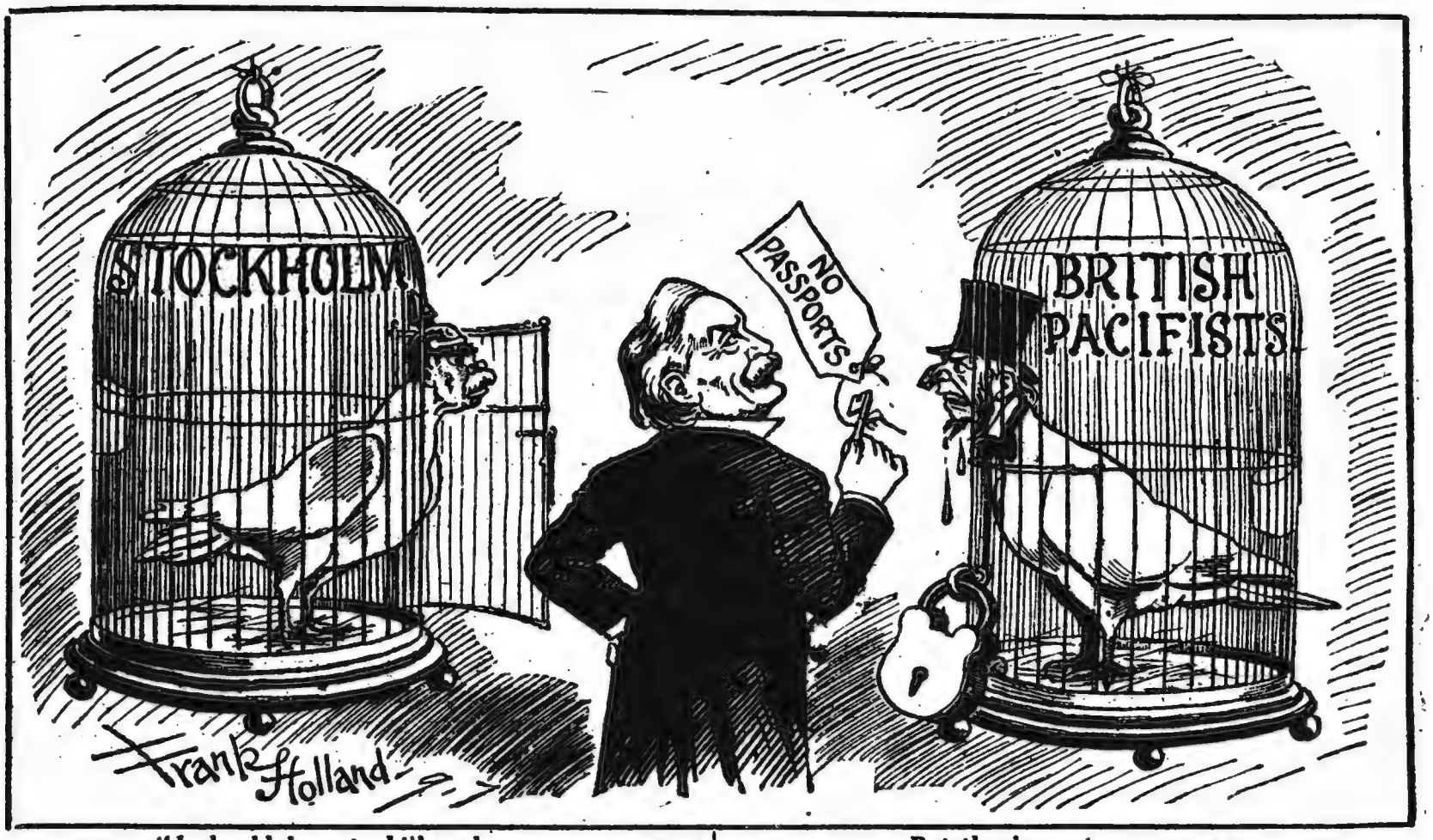
German Sailors as Dirty Spies.

We have learned in the past that the leaders of the German working-class movement cannot be depended upon either for truth or honesty of purpose. In 1910, the Sailors' and Firemen's Union was organising an International strike of seafarers. The German leaders attended our conferences, led us to believe they would take part in this world-movement—yet at the very moment they were endorsing our action they had agreements in their pockets which they had made with the German shipowners. The object was evidently to see the British seamen involved in a dispute with their employers, whilst the German shipowners were reaping the harvest out of the dispute. Furthermore, we have evidence that some of those leaders were visiting us with a view to playing the part of dirty spies. This incident will, to some extent, prove my statement: We had for some time agitated against the employment of cheap Asiatic labour on British ships. The International Transport Workers' Federation had instructions for over two years to take this matter up, but little or nothing had been done by them. Some four days before the war commenced, however, I received a communication from the Central Council in Berlin asking that I should furnish them with detailed information as to the number of ships carrying Asiatics, the trades in which they were engaged, etc. Why was this information being sought just a few days before war was declared, when the Central Committee at Berlin had had over two years in which to look into the matter? There is not the slightest doubt in my mind, and in the minds of many others, that this information was being sought for the benefit of the German Naval authorities. I did not furnish the particulars asked for.

What our Seamen Will Do.

The British seamen contend that there can be no talk of peace until the Germans admit the wrongs they have done and sue for terms. We decline to acknowledge the right of Pacifists to try to settle terms of peace which would ignore the wrongs done to the seafaring men, *and will prevent their sailing on such a mission.* We maintain that every Commander and crew of German U-boats who have been guilty of the horrible crimes charged against them should be tried by an International Commission and, if found guilty, should suffer the punishment that fits the crime. No matter what the end of this war, our seamen are determined to have justice; and I think it will be found that the sailors will resolve that for a period of years they will refuse to sail on any ship on which a German is employed. Further, they will endeavour to the best of their ability to induce their fellow-workmen, employed in the Transport trades, to boycott for a period of years any German ship arriving in a British port. They will expect British Masters, Mates and Engineers to refuse to give employment to any German subject. This we can do "on our own"—whatever decisions Governments may arrive at in settling terms of peace.

THE DOVE'S DISTRESS.



"I should love to bill and coo
With a German dove like you;

But they've put me, as you see,
Safely under lock and key."

TOMMY'S BEER IN CANTEEN.

RECORD OF WRONGFUL PROFIT BY SHADY PRACTICES.

When the authorities abolished private caterers from canteens and established the Navy and Army Canteen Board, it was said to be because Jack's and Tommy's money should not flow into the pockets of traders. But the arrangement does not work that way. Take the case of beer (which is in everybody's mouth!). This costs the Board 63s. a barrel, less 3 per cent. discount in lieu of waste. It goes to the Manager of the canteen at 108s.—showing a profit, before being retailed to the troops, of £2 5s. on a barrel. But that profit is not enough for the Board. Following the old evil practice of the contractors, they print these special instructions:—"In the case of Malt Liquors, a surplus necessarily occurs in the retail. This should be from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. This is accounted for by froth, impossibility to completely fill the measure, presence of air in the liquor, and excess in the barrels above the number of gallons invoiced; and great care should be taken to ensure that the account reaps the full benefit due to this surplus." That shameful passage is an extract from Army Orders. It is nothing but an instruction to Canteen Managers to give short measure, either by frothing the beer, not filling the mug, or even by—perhaps—blowing into the beer, so ensuring the "presence of air"! Should a Manager not show an extra 10 or 15 per cent., this is the kind of notice he gets (we have a batch of them before us):—"The beer percentage is not good, and must be improved upon." "The beer surplus ought to be better." "The beer percentage is fair, but might be better." If the Manager does not rob Tommy enough, he is called over the coals, and told to "make" his takings "better." Little wonder that some of the managers have preferred to resign, rather than have this wholesale and systematic robbery upon their consciences! The change from contractor to direct supply seems, after all, to be but transferring Jack and Tommy from the frying-pan to the fire. We are afraid that many of the proposed Navy and Army reforms will be of the same kind. We suppose the well-paid officials *must* find something upon which to show their authority.

HORSES' HELL AT WORMWOOD SCRUBBS.

SHOCKING CRUELTY CASES FOR THE POLICE OR THE R.S.P.C.A.

A visitor to Wormwood Scrubbs—one of those splendid Australians of the Imperial Force—tells us that there is a young Hercules, who looks as if he ought to be in the Army, who collects, whip in hand, a penny (usually from somebody who is too much of a fool to know any better) and assists him to mount a poor, panting, staggering beast which strains might and main to get ahead of the terrifying whip that thrashes it into a canter for about thirty yards. Another human brute then takes up the whipping. If the tortured animal dodges this second devil and breaks through the lines into an adjoining yard, it is there subjected to further lashing amid the cheers and laughter of an ignorant crowd who seem to be utterly destitute of compassion. "In the particular enclosure I watched," says the Australian, "a half-starved, one-eyed beast, unsuitable at any time for saddle work, received not less than ten, sometimes as many as twenty lashes during the penny trip; this was continued all that long afternoon till no more could be flogged out of it." Think of it—twenty centuries almost of Christianity and civilisation, and this is as far as we have got! In order to earn ten shillings, perhaps, for a worthless and heartless thing made, we are told, in the image of God, a poor, helpless, harmless, starving animal, with nobody in all the world to protect it, must suffer one thousand two hundred lashes! "I was told," adds the Australian, "by the bystanders that 'It's always the same on Bank Holidays.' The majority, however, seemed utterly ignorant of the fact that a horse has any feelings at all. While on the job, the R.S.P.C.A. might have one or two of the so-called saddles removed during a performance, and note the condition of these poor beasts' backs after having been harried by forty or fifty incompetent riders; also let them examine the state of the animals' mouths after the individual weights of these ignorants have been jerked on them for hours." But why should our friend and his comrades wait while the R.S.P.C.A. gather evidence for a police-court prosecution? Let them go to Wormwood Scrubbs, and if the infamy is still afoot, put an end to it.

THE SINISTER

My Appeal to Labour—No Popery in

By THE EDITOR

As the head of a great and wonderful Church, the Pope is, of course, entitled to respect—although many of us could wish that he had seen his way to exert the influence of his position against the perpetrators of the nameless crimes and outrages—many of them upon people of his own faith—which have made the name of Germany a byword for evermore amongst the nations of the earth. As a great Priest of religion, he would surely have been well and faithfully discharging the duties of his sacred office in denouncing the tortures and rapine of poor Belgium—of Armenia, Serbia, Roumania, Montenegro, and of Northern France. Even if the Kaiser had paid no heed to the protest, all the rest of the world would have listened, and, whatever their creed, would have blessed the name of the Pope. But, with every desire to avoid pain to my Roman Catholic readers—whose inspiring and glorious rites and ritual have many a time stirred my soul to its utmost depths—I am bound to say that the head of their Church has so far evinced an outward indifference to the crimes of the Hun which strikes the lay mind as bordering upon cynicism. It may, of course, be that, unknown to the general public, His Holiness has been active behind the scenes—in which case, I can only express my regret that his efforts have failed to purge the war methods of Germany of the foul devilries which have outraged the conscience of humanity. On the other hand, the Pope has for the second time intervened not as Priest, but as Politician; and it is against this misguided activity and interference that I desire to protest. The Vatican is not the place whence Terms of Peace must emanate. With all respect, I doubt whether His Holiness has any first-hand knowledge of European politics—his attention is centred upon much more sacred things. *And I am curious to know who drafted the Conditions of Peace which he has submitted to the belligerents.* That is the very first question which the Allies should ask. I decline to believe that they have originated with *any* ecclesiastical mediator. *They are the work of Germany*—they come from Potsdam; and back to Potsdam they must go.

Meaning of Armageddon.

One formula must preface every reply to every overture—No peace with the Hohenzollerns! That reply must go direct to Germany when, at no distant date, she pleads for mercy. On that day we shall require neither Pope of Rome nor Archbishop of Canterbury to advise us. The Churches, as a whole, have failed dismally to rise to the spiritual heights of this tragedy. Many a soldier, writing in the moonlight of the blood-red battlefront—has more truly grasped God's purpose and the hidden meaning deep down in this Armageddon, than have all the pulpiteers put together. No great preacher has emerged from the world's tragedy and anguish—and it is too late to look for him now. Wherefore we say to the Pope that we are much obliged for his solicitude, but that we will settle the war without his help. Peace terms, in this business, are not for the Priest. They are for the Politician—advised and guided by the Sailor and the Soldier. "Mutual condonation" is a fine counsel where both sides have been in the wrong—but what country have *we* violated; what women have *we* ravished; what people have *we* tortured and enslaved? And when the Pope steps down from his lofty pedestal of moral abjurgation, and condescends to the realms of Politics and Diplomacy, what a sorry figure he cuts! "Freedom of the Seas"—who gave him that phrase, and what does he understand by it? And "Germany's colonies to be restored"!—what does he take us for? Submarine bases and millions of black fighters to be held by the Kaiser in reserve for the next war—not if we know it! I prefer to stand upon the dictum of Sir Douglas Haig that there can be no lasting peace "till Germany has been utterly destroyed." That may not be Christianity—either Protestant or Roman Catholic—but it is war. And we are at war.

The Sinister Hand.

But there is an influence, operating to the worst ends, which is worse than the influence of the Vatican. Behind all these peace manœuvres lurk those sinister figures, Ramsay Macdonald and Morel. I have no hesitation in saying that these men are an ever-present danger. If the Defence of the Realm Act has any real purpose and meaning, then it should be used to defeat their sinister aims. They have from the very beginning given aid and comfort to the King's enemies. And—think of it!—one of them dares to continue to take the nation's money and to put M.P. after his name. Give me the honesty of the Sinn Feiner, who declines to enter the House of Commons after election because he will not perjure his soul by an oath of allegiance which he is unable to keep. I may deplore his attitude, but at least it is manly. What are we to say of the man who has been working, ever since war was declared, to undermine the power of this country and to bring about a peace which would prevent the complete defeat of Germany? To call him a traitor is to use a mild term. And it is this traitor who has worked upon that simple mind of Arthur Henderson. His wiles and his wickedness have been used to influence the Labour Party. To-day we can see the peril in which his morbid and secret operations may place this country. Labour at heart is sound, finely patriotic. There have been grounds for misunderstanding—there have been legitimate reasons for anger, irritation and resentment. Ministers have blundered miserably in their dealing with the working man. At one time threatening, at another coaxing—proposing objectionable legislation at one moment and then scrapping it in an agony of panic the next, they have treated Labour with stupid ignorance, with a complete misunderstanding of the heart and mind of a great class which has learned its true power and is determined to use it—though, I believe, for the highest national purposes. But, in spite of everything, Labour has shown its contempt for those men who pretend to be united in the interests of Democratic Control, when behind all is a fatal, treacherous and overweening love of the bestial Hun. If you took to-morrow a genuine poll of the working man, you would find a solid, over-

TER HAND.

in Politics!—Ramsay the Renegade.

EDITOR.

mastering majority against the kind of peace which the Morels and Macdonalds, the Snowdens and the Ponsonbys would fasten like a yoke of slavery upon the neck of the British Empire. I want to say in all sincerity to those who may be angered at the muddles and ineptitudes of the Government, that with all his faults Mr. Lloyd George stands for victory over the foe. Ramsay Macdonald, to whom the Prime Minister gave that undeserved good character at Glasgow a year ago, stands for a criminal peace, a degrading compromise—for Germany against Britain. He is clever; he is unscrupulous—he will deny to-morrow what he said yesterday, and turn his sails to every wind that blows. But look into the heart of the man, and you find an enemy; consider his attitude since the beginning of the war, and you are face to face with a bitter foe of England and of Empire. Note his ominous silence the other night in the House of Commons, when asked "Do you, or do you not, think Britain is in the right in this war?" If there is trouble with Labour, it will be not so much because of Arthur Henderson, but by reason of the deep scheming of Ramsay Macdonald.

Ramsay the Renegade.

I wonder what the Prime Minister thinks to-day of the man whom he told his unruly audience on the Clyde last year was one of his "greatest personal friends"; whether he was "for the war or against the war," said Mr. Lloyd George, "not one single word will fall from my lips against Mr. Macdonald." That was big testimony. Has the man who misrepresents Leicester merited or justified that testimony? No; from the first hour of Armageddon—when all that was best and bravest in the nation rallied to the flag—it was this raw-visaged and dark-souled Scot who proclaimed far and wide that England "practically declared war on Germany, because the Admiralty was anxious to seize an opportunity of using the Navy in battle practice." Could a more infamous charge be made by a man with British blood in his veins? Hardly had the challenge of the Hun been thrown down than Macdonald disowned the truth and besmirched those who were leaping, lion-like, to the Colours. "Never," said he, "did we arm our people and ask them to give their lives for less good cause than this." And almost in the same breath he beslavered Germany, proclaimed friendship for her peoples, and deplored the fact that our victory should mean "the defeat and disgrace" of the Kaiser. He even had the godless effrontery to denounce as "in the highest degree reprehensible" the use that was being made "of the stories of 'atrocities by the enemy.'" We all know the gross bestialities of the Germans in Belgium; our very souls have been seered with the thought of young girls ravished in the market places of conquered towns; of unnameable horrors performed in the daylight, and before the broken and bleeding fathers and mothers, that the lust of the Hun might be satisfied. An apologist for the hideous foe is the man who has engineered strife, who has done his best to create dissensions between Labour and the Government—the man who wants to go to Stockholm, dragging an honest fellow like Henderson by the neck, in order to consort with the enemy and lay down terms of "peace" which, if accepted, would mean the hopeless defeat of the Allies, and a state merely of armed neutrality until Germany was ready to make another assault upon this country. Never forget, whatever quarrels Germany may have with France or Italy, with Russia or Belgium, they are as tiffs compared with her bitter, insensate, abiding hatred for Great Britain. Her one thought is to crush the British Empire, her one blasphemous prayer that she may humble the proud Briton to the dust. And the man who would help her to a peace which would keep her strong for future evil, and leave us weak for the inevitable fray, is the man who has traduced the British officer and made game of British patriotism. What will the army of fighting men that to-day is winning new and glorious victories in Flanders say to their brothers of the munition bench and the furnace fires if such a creature is permitted to throw a torch of dissension in our midst? What will those "coddled officers" who, according to this traducer and reviler, "could not produce one per cent. of decent fighting men" say to us if creatures of this odious type snatch from us the full fruits of triumph?

My Appeal to Labour.

In all solemnity I say to my friends—and I have many thousands—among the working men of Britain, beware of this man and all his kind. Don't be misled; don't let feelings of anger at the stupidities of Ministers cool even for an instant your fine and burning sense of patriotism. We are on the eve of great events in the West. The Germans know it, and they tremble. We can and shall win a mighty victory if Britain—all that is best of it—"to itself do rest but true." Brave, bleeding France looks to us to stand firm. These curs in our midst would rob her of her heart's desire, and deny her the restoration of the territory torn from her side, like flesh from a living man. They would save Germany from the full measure of her deserts. They would make a peace that would shame the memory of the gallant dead, and would compromise with our hideous foe just when the Day of her Doom draws near, and when the reward for all our suffering and sorrow is ours for the grasping. Working men of Britain, give to these ghouls of the battlefield, these Huns in British guise, the resounding answer which will echo across the ensanguined waters of the North Sea to the murderers of Berlin and Potsdam. Forget even the blunders of your Government. Take the big, broad view which I know you *can* take. "My country, right or wrong," used to be good enough as the patriot's motto. But to-day your country is right—gloriously, triumphantly right. The whole civilised world stands arraigned against the foes of humanity, the ravishers of small nations, the destroyers of human pity. Whatever happens, let the people of Great Britain be true to the great cause, and never let dissension at home weaken our strength at the battle front, when upon union depends the measure of the victory that awaits us.

BELTS AND BULLYING.

THREATENING AND INTIMIDATING A WOUNDED OFFICER.

Within the last few months we have received several complaints regarding the British Electric Institute, proprietors of the "Ajax" dry cell belt, carrying on business at 25, Holborn Viaduct, and consequently fear that their methods have sadly deteriorated since first the concern came under notice in our columns. A wounded officer fancied that a belt would improve his condition, but found that it burned his skin—so sent it back. They retorted with a demand for £10 10s., to balance—articles bought from the British Electric Institute are rather expensive!—but the officer had repented of his bargain, being convinced that the appliance was useless to him. His intimation to this effect obviously drove the head of the Institute into a fury. In a long letter—it occupies four typewritten pages—he pours a stream of bullying invective and threats upon the head of his client. The Institute "will not hesitate to use any and all of his letters in self-defence, against a patient who tries to evade the obligation which he voluntarily undertook," say they. And then follows a very sinister sentence in which they allege that this wounded officer came to them for a cure of disgraceful physical disabilities: "It has suited your purpose, for some unknown reason, to deny having suffered from some of these troubles, but unfortunately for your contention your statement of case form, filled up by yourself, is before us as we write, and you will make a sorry show, either in Court or elsewhere, if you attempt to go back on what you then wrote us." We don't like this kind of epistle—certainly such blatant threats might be presumed to have great effect upon a wounded soldier. The original "Ajax" defied the lightning; his imitators seem inclined to monopolise the thunder. Threats are ugly things—particularly in letters.

HOME OR PENITENTIARY?

IRONBOUND RULES AND RESTRICTIONS AT ADDLESTONE.

The Princess Mary Village Homes, at Addlestone, Surrey, were founded in 1871 by Mrs. Meredith, for "Little Girls," the female children of prisoners—such was the original and beautiful idea, and the Trust Deed provides that they shall for ever be maintained for so beneficent and praiseworthy a purpose. It is a certified Industrial School, on the family system. Queen Mary is Patroness; the Earl of Harrowby, Treasurer; Lord Aberdare, Chairman of Committee. "Inmates are allowed to write to their friends once in three months. No child may receive a letter oftener than once in three months." Communications with the outer world, with the loved ones at home, only four times a year! Money must not be sent, "but postage stamps will be received and placed to the credit of the children." And some loving woman, sending her child a shillingsworth of stamps, has to wait three months to hear if it arrived safely! "A relation wishing to visit the girls must apply to the Superintendent a week before for leave to do so, which will be granted once in three months conditionally on the conduct of the girls." That terrible "three months" period keeps turning up, like King Charles's head. "No sweets or eatables of any kind to be brought or sent to the children." Why should not the "Little Girls" receive—under supervision, of course—sweets and fruits which some kind relative might be wishful to bring? As though to make visits not only scarce, but inconvenient, there is this to close with:—"No visitors admitted on Saturdays, Sundays or Bank Holidays"—the very days most suitable for the working people whose girls are prisoned at Addlestone. Lord Aberdare and his Committee will be doing a good, kindly thing when they humanise these rules.

AN OLD MAN'S TROUBLE.

MARK TWAIN'S "PERFECT GUIDE" AND THE ABBEY.

Years ago Mark Twain wrote, in his book "A Tramp Abroad," "I have had dealings with some very bad guides, but I have also had dealings with one who might fairly be called perfection. I discovered him at Paris, his native city. He was named Joseph Verey." Joseph Verey is an old man now, in London. He was earning a living by acting as unofficial guide to the public portions of Westminster Abbey, but for over eight months he has been prohibited from doing so. One of our representatives accompanied him to the Abbey the other day. He was accosted by an outside guide, who objected to Verey acting as a guide "because he is a foreigner." He is a Frenchman, and our ally. Ignoring the threat to turn him out, the usual visitor's tour of the interior was made under the guidance, perfect in respect and courtesy, of Verey. The matter may seem a small one—only a poor old gentleman trying to live decently and in order; but we appeal to the Abbey officials to remove the ban and to allow Mark Twain's "perfect" guide to pursue his useful duties without molestation.

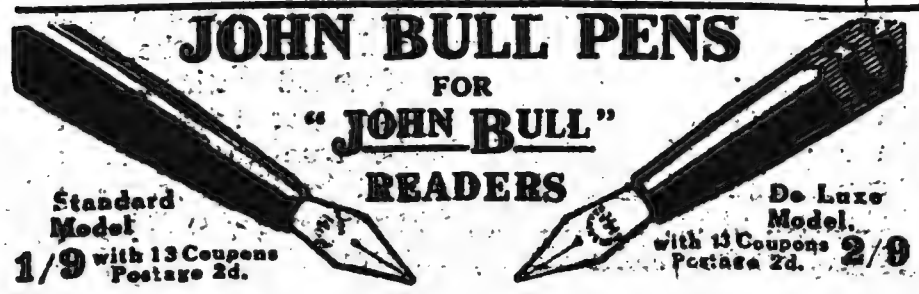
DANGEROUS HIDDEN "TREASURE."

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE "DUD" SHELL "CASE."

On the occasion of a recent air-raid over London one of our own "dud" shells struck the roof of a house in Hornsey and, descending through, floor by floor, buried itself deep under the kitchen. The tenant notified the War authorities, and in the course of time an Officer came and inspected the hole—promising, like the plumber, to come back and look after the job. Some days later, and after the authorities had been again written to, a lorry full of men arrived. They in turn inspected the hole and, on departing, gave it as their opinion that the projectile lay about seven feet under the earth. Another long interval, and another man appeared. He told the perturbed occupier that it was only a shell-case—which is absurd, as shell-cases do not leave the gun. He further ventured the opinion that if an attempt were made to remove it, the foundations of the house would collapse; but as the shell-hole is in the middle of the floor we fail to see why. The tenant lets apartments, and naturally the presence of the fifteen-pounder under the establishment frightens away prospective lodgers—though the landlord, being insured under our Free Scheme, is relieved of all financial anxiety in the matter. We invite the attention of the War Office to this paragraph.

SURGEON-GENERAL MacNEECE.

It will be remembered that in our issue of July 28th—unfortunately confounding Surgeon-General MacNeece with another officer of a somewhat similar name—we attributed to him responsibility in connection with the Karachi train scandal of last year, and stated that he had been dismissed from the Indian Medical Service. In our issue of August 11th we corrected this error and tendered our apologies to Surgeon-General MacNeece—at the same time stating that of all the medical officers concerned in the Mesopotamia affair, he received least censure from the Commissioners. As, however, we feel that we have not yet made adequate reparation for the unfortunate errors into which we fell, we desire to state specifically that we most unreservedly withdraw any reflection contained in our original paragraph, and tender our sincere apologies for any annoyance which it may have caused. Surgeon-General MacNeece is an officer of long and meritorious service, and we extremely regret that we should have inadvertently added to the pain which, in any event, the Mesopotamia Report must have caused him.



"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.
By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 2d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C 2.
(August 25, 1917.)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

BANISH HAIR POVERTY.

How to Rid Yourself of Falling Hair and Dandruff, and secure Healthy, Radiant, Abundant Hair.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

Remarkable interest has been aroused by the ever-increasing number of cases of hair troubles reported from all over Great Britain. Thousands of men and women are finding Hair Poverty, Premature Baldness, and Loss of Colour troubling them to-day as never before.

Are War conditions responsible for all this? Actually in many cases they are.

DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR HAIR.

The Discoverer-Inventor of "Harlene" and "Harlene Hair Drill," when his opinion was sought, had much of interest to impart.

"There is certainly a great increase lately in all kinds of hair troubles," he said, "but this is chiefly due to the fact that many people do not realise how simple a task it is to make the hair wonderfully bright and healthy. There are hundreds of thousands who are suffering from hair weakness due to the anxiety, worry and overwork of these trying times, which could so speedily be remedied if they would only accept the Free Gift I am prepared to offer."

IMPROVE YOUR HAIR FREE.

Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair, when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

There is no reason why any woman should not possess masses of waving tresses. Men, too, will find they can add to their smart appearance by following the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method.

Does your hair fall out? Is it thin and impoverished? If so, this is a sign of hair weakness that can be overcome by a two-minutes-a-day Healthy Hair Exercise. You may possess a healthy head of hair, abundant, bright, beautiful, if you adopt the popular remedy for all hair weakness. Test "Harlene Hair-Drill" Free by sending the Special Gift Coupon below to-day.

Don't continue to suffer from Scalp Irritation, Complete or Partial Baldness, Thin or Falling Hair, Over-Greasiness, Scurf or Dandruff, Unruly Wiry Hair.

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL GIFT.

There is no restriction to this gift distribution. Write to-day, enclosing the Free Coupon, and you will receive the Gift parcel, comprising:—

1. **A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.**
2. **A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."**
3. **A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."**
4. **A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual giving complete instructions.**

The effect of "Harlene" on the hair gives to the face a refined beauty and distinction that would be altogether impossible with weak or artificially made-up hair.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d. per bottle (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., at 2s. 9d. per tin with full directions.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle and "Cremex" Shampoo 1s. per box of seven shampoos (Single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

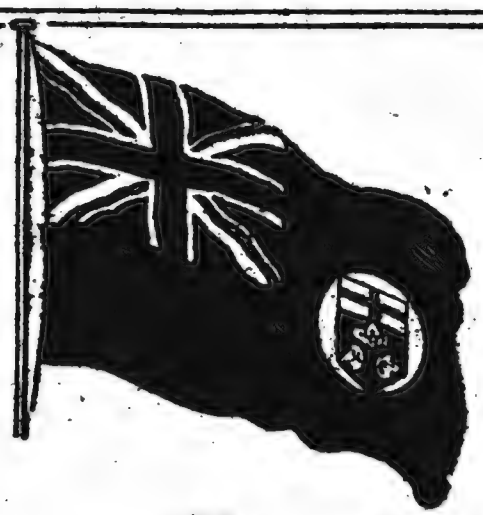
FREE GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described in JOHN BULL, Aug. 25th, 1917. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above.



TO OUR TROOPS FROM OVERSEAS.

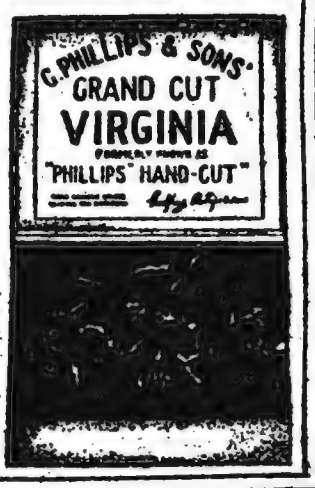
The only tobacco that in any way compares with the fine home-made plug tobacco you get at home is

Godfrey Phillips'

"GRAND CUT"

VIRGINIA

Buy it loose and ask the Dealer sure for Godfrey Phillips' "Grand Cut" out of the Yellow Box. The price is **7½d.** per oz.



A PARAGRAPH IN "JOHN BULL."

REMARKABLE SEQUEL.

Rarely, if ever, has any announcement made through the columns of a great newspaper had the electrical effect of that recently made in JOHN BULL.

It may be fairly claimed that the result has had a remarkable influence upon the fortunes of a very large number of readers of this journal—so remarkable, indeed, that we are justified in describing it as sensational.

In some cases readers have doubled and trebled their incomes or have made large business increases; others have achieved great professional success; Army and Navy officers have gained rapid promotion, and, in some cases, distinction—all as a direct consequence of following the advice given by JOHN BULL.

This gratifying result constitutes a flattering tribute to the influence of JOHN BULL amongst all classes of readers, and, with the object of aiding new readers to secure similar advantages, we are reprinting below the original paragraph:—

What "John Bull" said.

The announcement referred to described the wonderful work of the Pelman Institute amongst every class of men and women—business and professional people, tradespeople, Government and local officials, Army and Navy officers and men, educationalists, etc., etc. We showed, by producing the voluntary evidence of those who had benefited, how by half an hour's daily study of the Pelman System for a few weeks, thousands had so quickly and effectually increased their proficiency, that advantages similar to those detailed in the next column were the direct and natural consequence.

And then there appeared a brief, but most important paragraph, in which the independent opinion of JOHN BULL was expressed. Having closely investigated the work of the Pelman Institute and the results obtained by it amongst all classes, this great independent journal said:—

"Under a business Government the Pelman System would become a part of our national education."

"Greatest Fact of My Life."

Thus prompted, large numbers of readers enrolled for the Pelman Course, thereby taking what most of them describe as the most decisive and fortunate step they have taken in their lives. "My introduction to Pelmanism is the greatest fact of my life," writes a solicitor. "I only wish I had taken it up years ago," is the remark of hundreds.

Beyond all question, Pelmanism is a tremendous help to the man or woman who adopts it. Be your occupation, education, or position what they may, you simply cannot fail to profit by the study and application of Pelmanism. Every class of the community—from clerk to director, from shop-assistant to store magnate, from operative to factory owner, every class of professional worker, legal, medical, clerical, financial, journalistic, educational—has proved it. The percentage of non-successes, as revealed by a recent investigation, is actually **less than one per cent!**

Some Typical "Results."

Here are, briefly, a few typical results reported by the students of the Pelman Course—examples which could quite easily be multiplied by a thousand.

There is no dearth of testimony. As the Secretary of the Pelman Institute remarked in a recent interview, "We can show any man, or any woman, scores or even hundreds of testimonials from men of women in the same walk of life as he or she may be, showing how Pelmanism has helped them to achieve victory of the most substantial kind."

—Placed my (medical) practice on a satisfactory basis.
—Rise of £145 per annum.
—Doubled my turnover.
—Salary increased by £125 (woman).
—Naval promotion (Captain).
—Salary improved by 300 per cent.
—Secured promotion (Lieut.-Col.).
—Literary prize of £250.
—My income has gone up 300 per cent.
—Substantial increase in my salary.
—Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
—Increased turnover and salary.
—My turnover has beaten all records.
—My business has increased considerably.
—Salary exactly double.
—Added £80 to my Commission Account.
—I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
—The means of making my income double.
—Greatest increase in business.

Easily Followed by Post.

To the uninitiated it may well appear impossible that such splendid results can be attained, in a short time, as a consequence of half an hour a day for a few weeks spent in studying lessons. Yet it is the bare truth, and it should help readers of JOHN BULL to realise what a tremendous force for personal betterment "Pelmanism" is.

As a student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

A Business Woman's Experience.

Those who have studied Pelmanism are invariably enthusiastic in their praise of it. A London business woman, for example, writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Pelmanism, which is teaching me to use my abilities and is giving me a confidence I never hoped to have. Previous to taking up the course, my salary was £125—it has now been raised to £250."

"Even as a purely intellectual pleasure," writes another woman, "it is most fascinating, and well repays the outlay."

Qualities Developed.

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises, the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to reason clearly, to Converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc., etc.

The improvement begins with the first lesson, and continues, increasingly, right up to the final lesson of the course. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

Should it be Nationalized?

Many prominent people—including a Member of the House of Lords and many other men and women—are insisting that the Pelman Institute should be taken over by the Government, so that the whole nation may receive the benefits of "Pelmanism." Many present students of the course support this view.

In the meantime the Directors of the Institute have temporarily arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable JOHN BULL readers to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay. **To get the benefit of this liberal offer, application should be made at once by postcard or by letter to the address below.**

Write To-day.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with TRUTH'S special supplement on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all JOHN BULL readers who send to The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

[ADVT.

IN THE DOCTOR'S SANCTUM.

DIAGNOSES BY OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

COUNCILLOR FARROW, OF DERBY'S, SAD CASE.

Well, sir, and what's *your* trouble? . . . Depression? Yes, yes. . . . A sense of isolation? H'm! Let me see the tongue. . . . Ah, I feared so. The organ is very relaxed. Perfectly flaccid. You have been talking too much. Indeed, I should say you habitually talk too much. What is your profession? . . . *A councillor?* My dear sir, you could never give useful counsel with a tongue like that. It is too loose. I must prescribe an astringent mouthwash, which should cause you to keep your tongue between your teeth. Neglect might set up a morbid growth which would probably elongate it to such an extent that it would end by tripping you up. Its colour, too, is unhealthy—very unhealthy. Neither red nor pink, but a sickly sort of puce. The colour of the pusillanimous, in fact. Let's try the heart. . . . Say "Ninety-nine." . . . Say "Rule, Britannia." . . . Ah, there was a distinct murmur then. . . . Say, "To Hell with Germany." . . . You can't manage that? H'm! *I* see. Now cough. . . . Dear me! I'm afraid you're in a bad way. Do you suffer from delusions? . . . Not that you are aware of? Well, we'll just see. Do you think this is a righteous war? . . . You do not? Ah! You think it is an unrighteous war on the part of Britain? Dear me, this sounds more like a case for a brain specialist. Now I can understand the depression you complain of. You can see our victory approaching, and it pains you to contemplate it. You feel that you could go to any lengths to forestall it? . . . Yes, yes. Even to the length of slandering our soldiers at the front? . . . Perhaps you would not hesitate to say that "they don't care a damn whether they win or not"? . . . Ah, indeed? You often catch yourself saying those very words? H'm! That would account for your unpleasant sense of isolation. Of course, no decent people would care to associate with you while you are subject to such fits. I don't think your complaint is infectious. At any rate, you are not likely to convey it to healthy-minded, normal people. But, at the same time, I don't think you should mix more than you can help in public until your system has been thoroughly cleansed. Let me see, I think you said you are a councillor? . . . Ah, well, you had better give up councilling for a bit. You really are not in a fit state for mental exertion of any kind. I want to save you from the asylum if I can, so I warn you to keep *very quiet*. So quiet that Derby folk will forget all about you. . . . You can't be spared from the Town Council? Tut, tut, my dear sir. Suppose you were dead. You would *have* to be spared then, wouldn't you? . . . Well, consider yourself dead. As regards medicine, I think a pint of Government ale every morning, fasting, might do you good. And you had better go away. The air of England is too strong for you in your present condition. I think perhaps six months in Germany might pull you round. . . . Well, some neutral country bordering on Germany, then. But for goodness' sake get out of England. . . . *How long for?* Oh, as long as you like. As a matter of fact, you couldn't be away too long. . . . What exactly is your complaint? Well, it is what is called pro-German pusillani-pessimistics. I would write you a prescription, but no chemist would make up what I should prescribe unless you explained to him that you wanted it to poison a dirty dog, and, of course, you would not care to make that admission. . . . No, *excuse* me. I always prefer cash from patients suffering with your complaint. You see, it sometimes gives rise to forgetfulness of obligations. . . . Thank you. Good afternoon—and for your own sake clear out quick!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY NEWS AND LEADER":—
"At heights GREATER than about 2,000 ft. all aeroplanes or airships appear black. When aeroplanes were first used in war, the Bulgarians painted their machines red, white and green, so that they should be readily recognised, but experience proved that at altitudes LESS than 2,000 ft. the aeroplanes seemed quite black."

"WESTERN MAIL":—
"Willie Snell, the second cook, who is an American citizen, managed when the Germans ordered the LIFEBOATS to be given up to HIDE ONE UNDER HIS RAINCOAT."

"IRISH INDEPENDENT":—
"In the Southern Court the defendants CHARGED WITH PETROL were brought up again and returned for trial."

"NEWARK ADVERTISER" (heading):—
"Cheaper BEEF; Lord Rhondda PRESSED."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—
"The artillery succeeded in achieving the IMPOSSIBLE."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—
"And as he painted the vase almost disappeared. When he had finished he stood it on a bench, and one could JUST SEE IT NO MORE."

"FIELD" (advertisement):—
"For Sale, AGED GREY CHILD'S Pony."

"DAILY MIRROR":—
"The Emperor was ALONE in the room, AND no one was present."

Are *you* a WAR SAVER?

THE War is costing considerably more this year than last year, and the cost is still growing. Therefore it is necessary that everyone should save considerably more than they did last year, an lend their savings to the State.

Those of us who are not in the Army or Navy must help to win the War by lending to the State all the money we do not require for absolute necessities.

Buy all the 15/6 War Savings Certificates you can. Increase your holdings of Certificates if you already have some, and if you are not a holder start buying them to-day. You can get them at any Post Office, Bank, or through your local War Savings Association. Keep each 15/6 Certificate for five years and the Government guarantees to pay you £1 for it in cash. If you need the money in the meantime, you can cash your Certificates at the Post Office. They increase automatically in value year by year. Save at least 6d. a day for this purpose. When you have 15/6 buy a Certificate.

Each member of a family can hold up to 500 of them. They are entirely free from Income tax. It is the best way of saving to prepare for a boy's start in life, or to start a small business. Save for the rainy day; it is sure to come sooner or later. Saving helps you towards success in life. Begin at once to save and so help your country and yourself.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITEE

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of haggerly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

The Question of Leave.

Many soldiers, and their relatives, will be interested to learn that new regulations concerning leave are now being considered, and that the scheme will be published in a day or two.

Where We Serve.

Owing to laxity or ignorance on the part of some regimental officers, the pay of our soldiers is frequently left in a state of melancholy muddle. Men are told by the Paymasters that they are in debt, although the soldiers themselves know that they are well in credit—the mistake being in every case due to the negligence of Company Officers, who do not send the papers forward. With official help, we have gone into the case of a soldier who was entitled to extra pay—a fact that had escaped the notice of his C.O.—and in the end were enabled to establish the fact that his credit balance for service since the beginning of the war amounts to nearly £90 more than the regimental wiseacre said!

More Money for Tommy.

We are semi-officially informed that Tommy is to have an increase in his pay of a few pence a day. We are afraid, however, that the concession will be hedged around with "ifs and ans" and "mays," and will be tightly tied up with red-tape. It is hinted to us that the allotment of 3s. 6d. a week paid by the soldier will be juggled with.

Silent Soldiers.

Perhaps somebody in a certain camp in Nottinghamshire will tell us why nearly three thousand men respectfully stand at attention, but refuse to sing "God Save the King," at the end of church parade. Also why some of them have altered the line to "God save our Wives and Kids." The men appear to have various grievances; but we are sorry that their resentment goes so far.

Cruel Hospital Stoppages.

An Army Order, issued long ago, lays down that the 7d. a day charged against sick soldiers as hospital stoppages may be remitted by the Officers Commanding. We wonder how many O.C.s have made use of this merciful prerogative.

Captain and Private.

Recently, at the Central Criminal Court, Mr. Justice Lawrence bound over a Captain of the A.S.C., who pleaded guilty to having stolen £235 belonging to his unit. At Bedford, a few days afterwards, a pensioner was given six weeks' hard labour for misappropriating £3, notwithstanding that his master offered to forgive him and take him back. Those things make one ponder.

Banned at Shoreham.

Our plain words appear to have ruffled the Commandant of the Eastern Command Depot at Shoreham, who has made a counter-attack by forbidding JOHN BULL in the Messes, and advising officers not to have anything to do with "such a paper." We trust that his perturbation will not distract his mind from military duties.

Another Shoreham Hint.

The other day a War Office big-wig motored to the camp to inspect the temporary non-effectives. Upon asking for helpful suggestions, a Field Officer wisely hinted that it would be a good thing to give the men more leave, as they would then have something to look forward to. The reply of the brass-hat was that they had the mud of the trenches and Boche bullets to look forward to, and what more could they want? When this unfeeling retort circulated through the camp, the men thought thoughts.

Wilful Waste—Woeful Want.

We should like the Food Controller to go down to Bordon Camp, where he will find a battery of artillery—nearly four hundred men—provided with porridge minus sugar. The soldiers cannot eat the mawkish stuff, so the bulk of it finds its way to the swill-tub.

Concerning Our Hospitals.

Official attention should be paid to the rationing and treatment of the patients at the Military Hospitals at Lewisham, Brighton and Tipperary. Many "S.O.S." letters reach us, too, from the V.A.D. nurses in other hospitals, complaining that they are half-starved.

Tommy Wants Eggs.

Next to a letter from home, the wounded Tommies in the overseas hospitals crave for nothing more than a fresh egg. Millions of those luxuries are sent across every month, but more are wanted, and the National Egg Collection Committee, which has branches in every part of the country, will always gratefully receive offerings from the lovers of the soldier. There is a demand for nearly a quarter of a million eggs each week.

Good Times Coming.

We hear that the "deplorable incidents" of which we recently gave the first intimation have had great effect on the Whitehall mind, and that to save further bother appreciable reforms are about to be instituted.

A Merchant Jack's Complaint.

A chartered vessel is carrying troops whilst her sister ship conveys stores over the same route. The officers and men of the former, when they travel ashore, are granted free railway warrants, but the crew of the store-carrier are refused the concession. We should like to know why.

A Scrap of Paper.

When the men of the Firth of Forth Boom Defence joined, they were told that they could have stores and food from the Base, and that they would be provided with uniform. We are sorry to hear that this scrap of paper appears to have been torn up as soon as the ink was dry on it. Possibly the Admiralty have forgotten their promise.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1915 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Poor Little Lad!

A little boy of eleven, the son of a soldier, was playing on the parapet of one of our docks when he over-balanced and fell in, the poor lad subsequently dying in hospital. His father placed the sad case before us, and we immediately assisted towards the burial.

"Unofficial" but Eligible.

The "unofficial" wife of a soldier has a baby boy who has never been seen by his father in the trenches. The child is ill, and his mother made an appeal to us, which was not in vain. We are not among those who cast stones.

A *Vanguard* Victim.

A boy was lost in the *Vanguard*. He was the only support of his mother, who has, as yet, had no Admiralty allowance. She was in great distress until she wrote to us.

A Harsh Regulation.

A soldier's wife has three children. She was ordered to hospital for an operation, and while in the institution, which is rate-aided, a proportion of her separation allowance will be cut off to cover her keep. In the meantime, she has to pay for a guardian for her children—an impossible impost. We have undertaken to look after her case.

A Double Calamity.

A similar case is that of a soldier's wife who, on the day when she received notification of her husband having been severely wounded at the Front, had to enter hospital. Here, again, we were of assistance.

Hero—Now Hawker.

A man was discharged from the Army as no longer fit for military service. He has a very small pension, and is unable to take up work that requires exertion. In his distress, he asked us to help him to obtain a hawker's outfit—a calling to which so many of our brave fellows are driven. He has a wife and child, who were living Heaven knows how. We were very glad to help.

The Hungry and Naked First.

We are in fullest sympathy with the bereaved, but suggest that in these terrible times of war and want the outward trappings of woe should be curtailed. Last week we sent a few pounds to a woman towards the burial of her husband, and a couple of days afterwards received a letter telling us that the amount had been spent on wreaths and "black," and requesting a further sum for the purpose of interment. Having so many hungry to feed, and naked to clothe, we could not comply with the request.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Anon., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 2s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; Anon., 1s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; "IX," 5d.; B. T. U. (Liverpool), £1; Gunner R. C. D. (B.E.F.), 15s.; "One of the B'hoys," 1s.; W. W. (Ealing), £1; R. M. M. (Beverley), 2s. 6d.; Lieut. G., 4s. 10d.; 2nd-Lt. Y., 1s. 10d.; H.M.S. *Gibraltar*, 5s.; A. J. (Leytonstone), 2s.; Pte. G. H. H., 2s.; G. J. (Lewisham), 1s.; C. B. (Glasgow), 2s.; "Little Queen" (Diss), 2s. 6d.; T. H. (Tingley), 1s.; "Two Sailors' Wives" (Southsea), 10s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s 6d.; J. O'M., 1s.; "Rosie," 6d.; Pte. N. (B.E.F.), 11d.; C. J. G., 2s. 6d.; F. C., 6d.; F. L., 6d.; F. H. (Chester), 1s.; "Anon.;" 1s.; "A Taxi Driver," 7s. 6d.; Mrs. C., 1s.; Anon. (Argyll), 1s.; E. W. (Kilburn), 1s.; F. C. W., 6d.; F. M., 1s.; H. E., 6d.; "Target," 1s.; L/C L., 6d.; C. E. P. (Salisbury), 1s.; "114611's Dove," 2s.; "Mr. and Mrs. J. and Friends," 6d.; Col. C. F. W., £2; E. R. L. (Alberta), 1s. 3d.; J. R. (Jersey), 2s. 6d.; J. G. (Rhyl), £2 10s.; H. M. F. (Dewsbury), 1s. and parcel; Y. M. J. (Exeter), 1s. 6d.; "Domino" (Wimbledon), 6d.; "Delay," 10s.; Sailors and Firemen of H.M.T. *Paladin II.*, 10s.; C. P., 6d.; "Landour," £5; M. N. C., £1 1s.; F. M. (Brighton), 1s.; A. E. H. (S. Chingford), 1s.; J. A. B., 2s. 4d.; Pte. T. J. T., 2s.; "Nemo," 1s. 9d.; J. B. (Coventry), 2s. 6d.; H. G., 2s.; Proceeds of Collections at Church Services on s.s. *Katori Maru*, £1 4s. 1d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "Tubbs," 3s.; "A Few Members of the Trawler *A. Spence MacDonald*," 7s.; A. M. M., 1s.; Cpl. G. H., 1s. 6d.; E. G. C., 5s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 3s.; J. J. T. (Rochdale), 4s. 6d.; "A Tommy's Wife," 1s.; Mrs. L. B., 1s.; H. H. (Brighton), 2s.; W. H. K. (Southampton), 1s.; H. J. (Battersea), 1s.; Rfn. P. B. (Sheerness), 5s.; Mrs L. (Aberdeen), 8s.; Lt.-Col. A. L., £2 2s.; Anon., 5s.; Mrs L. F. (New (York), £1 0s. 7d.; R. E. G. (Liverpool), 5s.; A. N. P., 15s.; "Buster," 2s. 6d.; K. C. (Wisbech), 1s.; Wireless Staff, Bombay Radio (per J. A. R.), £1 7s.; "Kitty," 1s.; Miss P. J. (W. Bromwich), 10d.; L. G. (Dundee), 1s.; G. B., 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 12s.; Crew of H.M.T. *Cardiff Castle* (per P. H.), 15s.; Mrs. G. (W. Bridgford), 1s.

Mr. E. F. W. Heale, the winner of the First Prize in our 216th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

"PYLITNA."

Haemorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system, which cannot be corrected by external remedies. "Pylitna" Powders taken in a little warm milk or water are a genuine effective cure.

A Chemist says:—"It is the best remedy I have met with in all my 50 years' experience with doctors."

Of all Chemists and Stores at 3/- per box, or from "Pylitna," 3, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1.

Brooks

Why is it you see that name so often on a Cycle Saddle?
Why, in comparison do you so seldom see another?
The answer is to be found in the incomparable comfort of the BROOKS.
That accounts for its preponderance and should impel you to nominate it too.
The BROOKS BOOK awaits your Call.
J.B. BROOKS & Co LTD
92 Criterion Wks, BIRMINGHAM.

Boots that are brightest

are polished with DAY & MARTIN'S.

DAY & MARTIN'S Boot Polish is economical — *the less you use the quicker the shine.* It has leather preserving virtues extraordinary. It is put up in **THE TIN WITH THE TAB** (easy opening device). It is sold by Dealers at 1½d., 3d., 4½d., and 9d.

DAY & MARTIN, LTD., The Boot Polish Specialists, STRATFORD, LONDON, E.15.

DAY & MARTIN'S Boot Polish

Uncensored Letters from the Seat o' War.

III.—THE SENTRY.

"Dear Brother Bill,—You sent the socks and the fags—but *no Wrigley's.* If you still have any brotherly love left for me, you will pack off a dozen or so bars of Wrigley's '*one-time.*' Chewing Wrigley's takes all the terror out of my spell 'on' o' nights—cleans and refreshes the mouth: gives one something to do—and does one good at the same time. Keeps sleep at bay, Bill—and lends an interest to the blank night."

WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

never palls. It is wholesome and healthy and palatable—always. Good for the teeth, digestion, nerves. Pure in manufacture—free from deleterious wax and foreign elements. The flavour lasts.

Packet of 5 bars, 2½d.

Be sure you send a supply to your Soldier and Sailor friends. Enclose a packet in every letter you write.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

WRIGLEY'S LTD. LONDON, S.E.1.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 1.

THE RESTORATION of Fine Cloths!

A Nurse-Dispenser's Discovery.

"Beaminster, Dorset.

"Miss —— would like another tube of Movol, for which she encloses a postal order for 1s. 2d. She is a nurse-dispenser, and so gets many stains on her aprons, and she thinks Movol acts wonderfully."

Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, Medicine, Disinfectant, & Ink Stains removed without injury to the fabric by

MOVOL

In case of difficulty in obtaining send 1/2 for large trial tube to

W. EDGE & SONS, Ld., Bolton.

THIS Salvage of Linen can be attempted equally successfully by every one of our readers. Salts of Lemon, etc., are entirely superseded by this entirely British invention, which is manufactured by the well-known firm of W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton, and is sold in 1s. and 6d. tubes by Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4.

Claims Paid	£11,760,000
Cash Bonuses Paid	£883,000
War Claims Paid to date over	£375,000

Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates. Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.

ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

HAVE YOU TRIED DENTALINE

for plates that feel loose and drop in the mouth? A little Dentaline sprinkled on the plates will fix them securely in your mouth till you wish to move them; that wretched feeling goes, the teeth being perfectly rigid and comfortable. Dentaline is a pure, tasteless powder; it sweetens the breath, hardens the gums, and is a boon to all wearers of false teeth. Price 1/- Packet or Bottle 2/6 from

DENTALINE Co., 27, New Cavendish St., W.

CORK LINO

Comfort—Elegance—Durability.

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free Patterns and Prices.

CATESBYS LTD.,

Dept. 19, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest, most economical Custard, delicious flavour and absolutely pure.

The Cream of All Custards.

Cream Custard

Fight Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send 4d. (postage) for SAMPLE BOTTLE and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio

KEATING'S POWDER

KILLS BODY VERMIN FLEAS MOTH

TINS, 3d., 6d., 1/-

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"One of a Few Camberwell Men" (London, S.E.).—We think you may dismiss your quaint idea that Freemasonry is the "Hidden Hand." You might as well blame Freemasonry for the rain that checked our last offensive in Flanders.

"Englishman" (Stratford).—"What are we fighting for?" If you don't know now, after three years of war and thousands of explanatory speeches and press articles, your brains must be made of batter.

"A Reader."—Judging by your silly contention that because Russia is not mentioned on our Treasury notes Great Britain has no right to interfere with the liberty of Russian subjects in this country, you are yourself a Russian shirker, ready to let the Allies fight to save your worthless skin.

"Reprisals" (near Langport).—"The cup that neither cheers nor inebriates" is an excellent description of the new Government war beer. Can it now be said that there is no bad beer, but some sorts are better than others?

"A Worker" (Manchester).—"I notice that the weekly style of cynicism is being maintained in John Bull." Glad you are capable of noticing something, for your other observations proclaim a vacant mind.

"Pte. William" (Murthy War Hospital).—"Coal is so dear because Kitchener has got all the nuts, Derby got all the brights, and the Government are sweeping up all the slacks." Chestnuts.

C. R.—You are "in a dilemma" because you know a pro-German who provides false Exemption papers and false Discharge papers. No dilemma there; plain duty points to the police. Tell them.

F. T. M. (Happisburgh).—"Why not send a fleet of aeroplanes to the Eastern front and raid Berlin from there?" Mum's the word.

"Irish Boy" (Kilkenny).—"Neither rope nor bullets have any terror for Sinn Fein." If you have any sense, you'll not play up for either.

"Admirer" (Streatham) wants us to urge the Government to tax cycles and dogs. Not likely. She'll want to tax high heels, peep-o blouses, and short frocks next.

"True Bullite."—Lord Dundonald's invention is said to be one of frightful destructiveness; the reason it is not used is perhaps that, once used by us, it could afterwards be used against us.

"English" thinks the recent plague of caterpillars in the North was sent as a punishment for working on farms on Sundays. Luckily, fanatic Sabbatarians of this type are growing scarcer, but they are also growing curiouser and curiouser.

E. J. (Sunderland).—Sunderland Education Committee advertised for an Attendance Officer, and there were eight candidates, three being "ineligibles" and five ex-soldiers. The Committee appointed an ineligible. That kind of thing is becoming too common.

"Cumbrian" (Cleator Moor).—"We would welcome any means to get rid of the peace propaganda of the I.L.P. skunks from among the loyal residents of canny auld Cummerland." The law protects them!

"Anxious."—Men over forty are not supposed to be sent to the first line.

G. S. (Edinburgh).—"*Re* Rosyth, your article lets the culprits down lightly. In all parts of the yard and on boats are strong young unskilled loafers, drawing £5 to £11 weekly—board and lodging thrown in." Any room for our office boy?

J. C. (Manchester).—Russian subjects in the British Isles who join the British Army *will* have equal rights with the British soldier. That disposes of your long-winded grouse.

Helene R. (MortimerCommon).—The sample of local war bread you sent along killed our office canary at the first peck.

"Mons X" (Walthamstow).—We are not particularly anxious to know what became of "the son of the Empress Charlotte, wife of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico," so shall not at present question the exalted ladies you mention.

V. R. A. (Woking).—The nurseryman who allows visitors to walk in his grounds, but announces "Troops Not Permitted," deserves—anything you care to suggest.

Mrs. W. (Edinburgh).—Anybody who buys "Cash Bonus" tea, after our many exposures, deserves what she will get—nothing.

"A Reader" (Craghead).—If a pig comes and eats vegetables off your allotments, make pork of him when nobody is looking.

James H. (Mission to Seamen, South Shields).—You are a grand old sailorman, but we really can't call a man a rogue because you say he is. Want to get us locked up?

"Alone in London" (Hyde Park).—Wise, to say nothing of good, women of 30 don't take fair faces and chastity to market for "occasional week-ends," in despair of marriage. Write again, certainly; confidence inviolate.

F. S. (France).—"Could you tell me how many battle-ships there are in H.M. Navy?" No, the Censor won't let us.

"Equality" (Frome).—Don't you believe it; there's more difference between one person and another than appears in a Turkish bath.

J. W. P. (N. Camp, Ripon) suggests that Ripon is not only rampageous, as we described it, but rapacious. He says its taxi-men bleed soldiers unmercifully. Where's the policeman?

"Old Pal" (Catford) offers to pay the expenses if we will tell him the right age of Miss Marie Lloyd. If we advertised the age of a lady, we should be no gentleman. She's younger than ever.

"Geoffrey" (Aldwych).—Haven't the slightest notion what you're driving at, if anything. The conscientious excesses of the Cocoa Press do not interest us.

"Light Railway" (B.E.F.).—To settle a wager (proceeds to come to our Fund for Soldiers and Sailors) we repeat for the thousandth time that there are more acres in Yorkshire than letters in the Bible. When you boys subscribe to our Fund, it should shame civilians who do not. But you are good all through.

C. B. (Upper Norwood).—Why not tell us to catch the Taubes by putting a pinch of salt on their tails?

T. F. N. (France).—"Number Two says a Cornishman is not an Englishman." If Number Two says that to a Cornishman, he must expect a kick in the neck.

"ANZAC" (Salisbury Plain).—The "Home Away from Home" recreation tent at Windmill Hill is very cosy, but smoking is barred. As this is rough on the men, they should sign a petition against it.

"SALFORD TRAMS" (Salford).—"The appeal for haymakers put up in Salford trams was done to help. Afterwards the National (Dis-) Service people found the farmers did not want help." So Salford trams are exonerated.

"MILK CURE" (Havant).—Tell the lady not to waste money on a milk cure. A glass of port will do her a jolly sight more good.

"TRUTH" (Leicester Square)—(which is a funny place to find it in). The Profiteer's child asks: "*Whom* did you *do* in the Great War, dada?"

W. G. P. (Watchet) says that our correspondent J. D. is more disturbed about his beer than the children's food. We'll watchet.

C. B. D. (Dublin).—That story wants shaving; it has got whiskers.

W. A., Sen. (Hasbruck Heights, N.J.)—You've enough gas in you to float a balloon, and enough cussing to set it alight.

CPL. R.M.A.—A league of employers and employees to ban Objects? Put us down for membership!

"MINISTER" (Islington).—Well, we will go as far with you as to say that when a woman is in the neighbourhood of 50 she should wear long clothes.

"SICK TO DEATH" (No address).—Then why not call in the undertaker?

"SAM" (U.S.A.).—"We are with you, old top. Your friend." Shake, old top. What a family of boys to look after we are getting!

PTE. A. G. (B.E.F.).—Name of the Lord Mayor of London is Sir William Dunn. In the estate business, we believe; any way, he isn't the hatter, if that's your trouble.

"CUPID" (North London) wants to know "the best way of setting about to get a young lady." Put on khaki.

"FED-UP" (New Cross) complains of his wife being "as cold as an iceberg and as wooden as a door." Wonder what his wife says about him?

RFN. F. H. (K.R.R.).—"Yes, sir, you were a silly ass to leave old Hackney, but never mind." How compliments do fly about this weather!

"QUERIST" (B.E.F.).—"Let us know the actual height of St. Paul's Cathedral." It's a curious fact, but experts differ about the height, and the books give varying figures.

M. H. T. (New Malden).—Thanks for photo of dad "training his boy the way he should grow"—by reading JOHN BULL to him. He'll grow right.

"SCEPTIC" (R.E.).—"The newspapers hardly want peace; see the splendid sales they now have." You make an awful bloomer there. Every newspaper loses heavily by the war; some have been ruined.

"YANKEE" (U.S. Navy).—"If there is any chance for a few of our boys to visit the Objects at Dartmoor, we will oblige. Say the word, JOHN." D'you want to kiss 'em?

"GUNNER" (Jersey).—"The officers who attended that concert were British, stationed at the prisoners' camp. A local paper made the mistake of calling them German." What an insult!

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

The super-sweetening power of sugar in BIRD'S Custard lies not in the sugar ration.

WHEN sugar is liquefied in the cream-like fluidity of BIRD'S Custard, the sweetening power is greatly increased. If therefore you always serve BIRD'S Custard with steamed puddings, stewed fruit or with boiled rice, the absence of the usual amount of sugar in these dishes is made good, and you get ample sweetness.

Used in this way, the 2 oz. of sugar in BIRD'S Custard has far greater sweetening power than the same quantity used directly in cooking. This is a simple but impressive fact—try it.

Bird's Nutritious Custard

so creamy and delicious, transforms the plainest pudding into a delightful treat. Makes War foods palatable and appetising.

Sold in pkts., boxes and large tins at popular prices.

C2758

Why Buy Butter

at the present increasing prices, when Lipton's Margarine in Fresh Rolls is **just as good and only half the cost?** Try a Half Pound Sample at any branch of Lipton's! The very first taste will convince you that the one perfect substitute obtainable for Fresh Butter is

Lipton's Margarine IN FRESH ROLLS

Tempting in appearance and perfectly delicious, with a creamy flavour just like Fresh Butter.

Lipton's Margarine
PACKED IN
OLD ORIGINAL
CLOTH LUMPS
A perfect substitute for Best Butter.

LIPTON'S

Lipton Ltd., Tea Planters (Ceylon) and Provision Merchants.
Tea Merchants by Special Appointment to H.M. King George V., T.M. the King and Queen of Italy, and H.M. the King of Spain.
Head Office: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.
Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—When Tallyman Calls. Bullet:—Father's "Not At Home." Example:—Past His Best. Bullet:—Nobody Thinks Himself. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated September 15th. This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in Everywoman's dated August 25th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 251.

LATEST PEACE PROPOSAL	GOING WRONG	BEGINNING TO TELL	LITTLE DUCK
THE POPE	SLOW TO PART	CHEERFUL NEWS	BEFORE AND AFTER
WHEN MINISTER RESIGNS	GREAT WASTE	ONE MAN BUSINESS	FIGHTING SHY
TELLING FACTS	HARD FIGHTING	OWING TO THE WAR	MAKES FATHER LAUGH
KERENSKY	SEASIDE HONEYMOON	DOUBTING THOMAS	GLARING INDISCRETION
PLAYING FOR SAFETY	THE GERMAN MARK	WHEN BABY SLEEPS	WHEN TALLYMAN CALLS
WINKED AT	ON SATURDAY NIGHT	HIDDEN TREASURE	GOING TO THE DOGS
BELOW THE BELT	WHAT NEXT?	PAST HIS BEST	THE KAISER'S FRIENDS

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 30th.
Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(251) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 251, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 30th.
Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(251) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 30th.
Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(251) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote district ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 252. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **252** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 252,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 252.

The Labour Party	Slacking	Mighty Deep	Breach of Promise	Missing the Train
Needs Increasing	Without Conscience	The Unexpected	Uncalled For	Painless Extraction
Going for a Soldier	Peace and Plenty	When Wife's Silent	Paid in Advance	Pretty Busy
Makes Father Swear	Seaside Charges	Charming Girl	Embracing Opportunity	The Kaiser's Cheek

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 248th 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. DUNCAN BAIRD,
316, Uxbridge Road,
Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

Example:—Tommy's Pay.
Bullet:—"Crying Shame" Isn't Enough.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. SARAH PEYTON,
113, Mortimer Road,
Kensal Rise.

Example:—Defence Of London.
Bullet:—No Department Seems "Concerned."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. CECIL J. BOSTON,
33, Conway Road,
Plumstead.

Example:—Thinking It Over.
Bullet:—Dangerous—Until It Is.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Sergeant F. Gilderson, 3, Gorringe Road, Wilton Road, Salisbury:—
Price Of Victory—We Must "Raise" It.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon).

Mr. A. Dell, 12, Drummond Road, Croydon:
Tommy's Pay—"Plenty" Would Encourage More.

Mr. H. Divine, 95, Brudenell Road, Leeds:
Gross Scandal—Way Germany's "Dealt With."

Mr. F. L. Lewis, 1, Lansdowne Road, S. Woodford, Essex:
Defence Of London—Useless "Looking To Heaven."

Sec.-Lieut. G. O. Smith, Labour Corps, Thetford, Norfolk:
Teaching Her Swimming—Only Thing He Could.

Mr. Ed. Ingram, 5, Colne Lane, Colne, Lancs.:
Thinking It Over—Germany Prefers To Reprisals.

A. E. Bannister, H.M.H.S., "Panama," Southampton:
By The Sea—Kaiser Thinks He'll "Recover."

Miss Flora James, The Bungalow, Locks Heath, Hants:
Forms An Attraction—Hence The Paper Shortage

Mr. C. James, St. Kenelm's Well, Sudeley, near Winchcombe:
In Russia—"We Anticipated" Too Much.

Mrs. E. Murphy, 20, James Street, Dundalk, Ireland:
Drawing It Mild—Difficult, Hindenburg's Countenance.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. Sam Silver, 56, Fieldgate Mansions, Myrtle Street, Commercial Road, E. 1:
Forms An Attraction—"Black Hand" To Schoolboy.

Miss E. V. Harris, 46, Auckland Road, Ilford:
Tommy's Pay—Somewhat Resembles His Leave.

Mr. C. T. Rudd, 46, Marlborough Road, Watford:
The Kaiser Dreads—"To Say The Least."

Mr. Thomas W. Margrie, The Laurels, 493, Stanton Road, Burton-on-Trent:
Gross Scandal—Travels Fast "Between Ourselves."

Miss A. Rich, 3, Clifford Road, Ipswich:
Next To Nothing—Keeping Urchin's Trousers Up.

Mr. H. Tinkler, 16, Calder Avenue, Halifax:
In Russia—Every Faction But Satisfaction.

Mr. D. Geo. Churchill, Hunton, near Maidstone, Kent:
Tommy's Pay—Rarely "Drawn" As "Pictured."

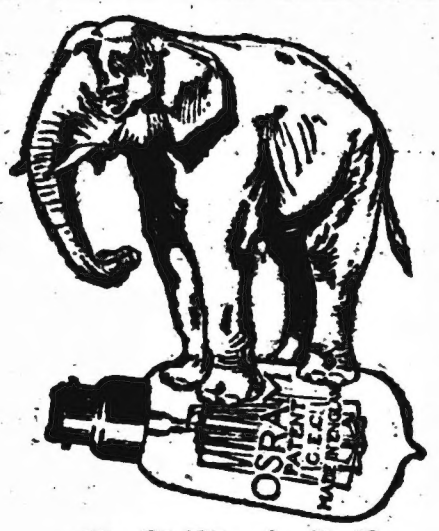
Mr. R. Thompson, 124, Sidney Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
Ups And Downs—"Pitman" Holds The Record.

Mr. Thos. Hutchinson, Pegswood Schoolhouse, Morpeth:
The Kaiser Dreads—America's Coming—With "Spring."

Mr. Chas. F. Gowers, Sheldwick, Faversham:
Double-Dealing—Often "Answers" In Parliament.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH



OSRAM
G.E.C.
LAMPS
ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT
OF
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL
MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.

His Nerves were Paralysed.

FOR FIVE YEARS. NOW STRONG AND WELL.

Mr. Robert W. Sickley, 20, Milton Street, Wombwell, near Barnsley, says:—"For over five years I suffered with nerve paralysis. My right side from the arm to the foot was completely paralysed. I had to go with a stick, trailing my leg as though it were dead. Medical treatment proved useless in my case, and there seemed no hope of any cure. In fact, I was given up as unfit ever to work again, and after five years of helplessness I was of the same opinion myself. But one day I was advised to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and very soon I began to feel the benefit. Feeling and power gradually returned to my leg, and I found I could walk a little without the stick. Then I managed to cross the street, and so it went on till now I am strong and well and back in my old employment."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the safest and most effective home treatment for:

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Trouble	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fag

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.
Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

FREE FROM IRON. DO NOT CONSTIPATE.
It is a known fact that iron preparations induce constipation and bowel complications. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are guaranteed free from iron, and have no constipating effect whatever. Take no substitute.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

J. H. HENDERSON, 181, Allison Street, Glasgow. August 4th. A036289.

JOHN NOBLE, 38/40, Arthur Street, Leith. July 28th. 072031.

ALEX. D. BURGESS, 1, Selborne Road, Jordanhill, Glasgow. June 23rd. A148558.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 18th:—

006,229	283,654	543,257	844,378	A186,598
025,486	291,520	567,536	872,230	A207,352
051,510	304,181	614,522	903,366	A245,005
069,271	336,827	628,021	925,214	A271,641
082,197	352,606	645,775	968,096	A322,907
127,574	387,414	677,913	A036,577	A394,420
148,613	428,682	702,168	A052,799	A416,594
199,416	449,051	736,541	A063,380	A468,779
220,681	485,223	783,394	A070,194	A487,222
274,144	520,924	790,800	A141,325	A557,691

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 29th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Aug. 18, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 056,742 and A214,166. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR-RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200	Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200	Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100	Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3		

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

August 25, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

August 25, 1917.

SELL YOUR

WASTE PAPER

TO

PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO., LTD.,

BRIDGE WHARF,

Battersea, S.W.11.

VANS COLLECT DAILY.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

Telephone: 2270 Battersea (4 lines).

The Best of Tonics

HALL'S WINE is the best of tonics to take in holiday time. It helps and hastens the good that change of air and scene does. Hall's Wine tones and strengthens the nerves, vitalises and enriches the blood, and its benefits are felt from the very first dose.

Hall's Wine is a marvellous means of gaining new health, a wonderful safeguard against breakdown and the ailments which always attack the weak or worn out. In the good it does, Hall's Wine is a holiday in itself.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

Because of the exceptional strain on the nerves these times we all need a holiday, but cannot always get one. Where a holiday is not possible, a course of Hall's Wine is the best alternative.

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle and we refund outlay.

Extra Large Size, 4/6. Smaller, 2/9.

Of Wine Merchants, licensed Grocers, &c.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd.,
Bow, London, E. 3.

745

Zambrene

"Triple-Triple" proof is the one reliable rubberless Raincoat.

Officers on Active Service testify that Zambrene "Triple-Triple" proof keeps out the rain as no other make will do.

Zambrene "Triple-Triple" proofs are guaranteed to be entirely free from any injurious oil or air proof interlining, and are therefore perfectly porous and hygienic.

Obtainable of Outfitters in every Town.

PLAYER'S

"Country Life" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure Virginia Tobacco

Regimental Uniforms:
Indian Army, Imperial Cadet Corps.

10 for 4D.

50 for 1/8

These cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital. Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P.653

Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull Ltd.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 8870 (seven lines).